

THE PACIFIC



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The Things We Prize.

THE things which we prize most are not those we have gathered, as one plucks flowers on a summer hillside, from the gardens of ease and worldly pleasure. They are things that have become ours through pain, struggle, self-denial and tears. The lessons learned with greatest difficulty are the ones that are most to us in value and profit. Out of the hardest experiences of struggle and sacrifice we get the qualities that are the brightest ornaments of our character and the noblest elements of our strength. The lenses through which now we see deepest into heaven are salt tears. The treasures we hold now with firmest clasp once seemed marred things, unsightly, unlovely things we shrank from receiving. The points in our past, which now appear to have been fullest of outcome of good for our life, are those which at the time seemed God's strange ways with us. Christian joy is transformed sorrow.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

THE PACIFIC

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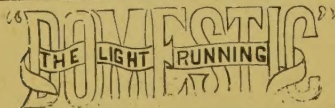
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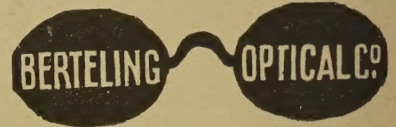
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THE PACIFIC

FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE; WITHOUT PARTIALITY AND WITHOUT HYPOCRISY

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, July 25, 1901.

The Church Paper.

There are some good things in Methodism which would be just as good in Congregationalism and elsewhere as there. One that is especially worthy of note is the emphasis, always and everywhere, that is placed on the value of the church paper. At the recent Epworth League convention in this city the Rev. Dr. Buckley, editor of the New York Christian Advocate, impressed its value on the minds of the thousands of persons who were present when he spoke on the subject, "The Church and the Newspaper." Dr. Buckley said that the religious press is far more important now than ever it was. He paid tribute to the daily press, but showed in that connection that, while helping greatly with one hand, it holds back and crowds aside even more greatly with the other. This is by its graphic and often almost salacious delineations of vice and crime, by its witticisms and flippancy in the treatment of the most solemn things in religion, life, death and the future, by taking especial pains to report the utterances of pulpit buffoons and eccentrics, while giving little attention to those of the really wise and well-balanced ministers, by a preference for the heterodox sermons and declarations, by its "making more conspicuous the utterances of faddists and fanatics and the excrescences and exuberant exclamations of the uncultivated than the deep religious feeling which cannot be concentrated in a headline," by more prominence being given to the sneers and assertions of infidelity than to the answers to its allegations, and by giving more attention to the dissensions than to harmonies. By such a course, said Dr. Buckley, do the daily newspapers create an atmosphere of indifference to and distrust of Christianity that cannot easily be overcome.

The justice of this charge cannot be successfully disputed. The daily press in general has been rightly characterized. And were it not for the religious weekly, reporting and discussing events in the religious world, and all things appertaining to Christianity, from a different view point, sad indeed would be the outcome.

It was for such reasons as these that Dr. Buckley said to the Epworth Leaguers that it is practical wisdom for them to support and read the religious journals, and especially the journals of their own denomination, that in this way only could they keep the faith and keep step with the Church of Christ in its march on toward victory.

We recall here a statement made by a Pacific Coast Congregational pastor about a year ago, that he did not believe that a religious paper went into more than one-fifth of the homes represented in the membership of his church—certainly not a denominational weekly. Knowing, as we do, the many Congregational homes on this Coast into which goes no copy of a denominational paper we see plainly that Congregationalism is being crippled in its work. A man does not need to be a Congregationalist to be a Christian; but no Congregationalist can be a good thorough-going Christian without first being a good thorough-going Congregationalist. One's work has to be done largely in the denomination with which he is connected. He who is good for nothing there will be good for nothing everywhere, and the measure of one's influence there will be the measure almost wholly of his influence for the Church of Christ. It was good advice which came from the lips of one speaker in the convention last week when he said: "Be master of your own denomination." This doesn't necessitate bigotry. To arise to such mastership is to arise to a place of influence. And there is nothing more helpful in attaining it than the perusal week by week of the religious paper which represents in the best manner the interests of the denomination.

The position of the present writer as editor of one of the religious papers on this Coast enables him to see that one of the papers at least is not accomplishing what it ought to accomplish. That paper is The Pacific. We doubt whether it was ever needed quite so much as it is needed today. But it doesn't reach half as many people as it ought to reach. A good Methodist friend said last week: "Your pastors ought to work up the interests of your paper as our pastors do for the 'Advocate.'" And the only answer that could be made was: "There is but little success along that line. Pastors generally are pretty busy men, and for this and other reasons we do not feel like urging any canvass on their part. We do try to get them to present the matter from the pulpit. One made the attempt not long ago on a well-devised plan. He preached a sermon on "Christian Journalism"; had cards distributed for signatures, and secured forty new names. Such a sermon as that, with special reference to The Pacific, in all probability would bring success elsewhere. Several others have done considerable

by mentioning the paper briefly in the pulpit, but in general not much has been accomplished in that way. It needs the personal effort; and if a pastor thinks that he has no time to lay this matter before his people personally, who will say that he has? "Well," said the Methodist friend, "that is our paper's stronghold—with the pastors. And it couldn't succeed without such effort and help."

We give this conversation without any thought of criticism of our pastors. With very few exceptions the pastors in California, Oregon and Washington are in hearty sympathy with *The Pacific* in its work for Congregationalism. They do for it all that they think they can do. Nevertheless the stern, cold fact stands: We are not making *The Pacific* count for Congregationalism and the Church kingdom as other denominational papers are counting for their denominations and the Church kingdom through those denominations. There isn't a denominational paper on the Coast that is not better patronized by the church people in the interests of whose denomination it is published. If a church paper is of any value to a denomination this means comparative loss to Congregationalism. But a church paper is of value. A Pacific Coast paper is valuable. It is indispensable, say some of our leaders. There is but one side to this question. And we need in some way to emphasize this value. Every one having the interests of our churches at heart should seek to ascertain by earnest thought how he can best do this. The paper is the pastor's best assistant. The ideal way to place this paper in the homes into which it ought to go would be to put a man into the field who could present its claims as they were presented by the pastor who preached on "Christian Journalism," and secured forty new names. But that requires money which is not in sight.

The Dynamics of Prayer.

Two autobiographies of very exceptional interest are now in the public mind. One is the as yet incomplete story of the life of Jacob A. Riis, which he entitles "The Making of an American"; the other is Booker Washington's "Up from Slavery"—the wonderful rise of one born in the very lowest depths of worldly disadvantages, who yet by sheer virtue has risen to international fame among the great educators of the time, and even more than that to deserve the honorable title of the "Black Man's Moses." Both these narratives are full of stirring incident, they also bristle with valuable lessons strikingly put.

But that which we have here chiefly in mind is their testimony to the reasonableness, the necessity, and the nature of prayer. Mr. Riis, e. g., in connection with his appointment as police reporter, says that he commended his work and himself to God and took hold. Then he adds this significant paragraph: "Right here, lest I make myself appear better than I am, I want to say that I am not a praying man in the sense of being versed in the language of prayer or anything of that kind. I wish I were; so I might have been better able to serve my un-

happy friends when they needed me. Indeed, those who have known me under strong provocation—provocation is *very* strong in Mulberry street—would scorn such an intimation, and I am sorry to say, with cause. I was once a deacon, but they did not often let me lead in prayer. My supplications ordinarily take the form of putting the case plainly to him who is the source of all right and all justice, and leaving it so. If I were to find that I could not do that, I should decline to go into the fight; or, if I had to, should feel that I were to be justly beaten. In all the years of my reporting, I have never omitted this when anything big was on foot, whether a fire, a murder, a robbery, or whatever might come in the way of duty, and I have never heard that my reports were any the worse for it. I know they were better. Perhaps the notion of a police reporter praying that he may write a good murder story may seem ludicrous, even irreverent, to some people. But that is only because they fail to make out in it the human element, which dignifies anything and rescues it from reproach. Unless I could go to my story that way I would not go to it at all. I am *very* sure there is no irreverence in it—just the reverse."

In this connection, and before going farther, we can not resist the impulse to give one point in Mr. Riis' account of the beginning of his positive religious life. It was in Brooklyn. He refers to Mr. Beecher's remark that when a traveler finds out that he has gone wrong, he does not usually roll in the dust and agonize over his mistake; he just turns around and goes the other way. Such Mr. Riis says was his own experience. And then, in the heat of the convert, he says he had decided to throw up his editorial work and take to preaching. But his wise adviser said: "No, no, Jacob, not that. We have preachers enough. What the world needs is consecrated pens." Then and there, he says, he consecrated his. And though he confesses he has not always lived up to this high ideal, yet he has striven toward it, and scarcely a day has passed in which he has not thought of the charge then laid upon it and upon himself. Out of this has grown his habit of prayer—out of his yearning for good work and out of his sense of the need of divine help.

His reference to prayer, moreover, while charmingly sincere and unconventional, strikes at its very foundation. It involves just that conception of the fatherhood of God, of his readiness to co-operate with any honest seeker after the true and the right, just that idea of prayer as a trustful son's statement of his case, confident that nothing more is needful to secure the best that the wisest and mightiest personality in the universe can bestow, upon which its value and its practice depends. What much of our praying imperatively needs is just this sloughing-off of second-hand phrases, and the infusion in their place of the businesslike spirit and forms of speech. In such prayer there will be both reverence and power.

The incident from the autobiography of Mr. Washington is similarly suggestive. It occurred in connection

with his address at the Atlanta (Ga.) Exposition—the speech which gave him his national reputation. It was a critical point in his history, and the burden upon his spirit was heavy. After a sleepless night he says he went carefully over what he intended to say. “I also kneeled down and asked God’s blessing upon my effort. Right here, perhaps, I ought to add, that I make it a rule never to go before an audience on any occasion, without asking the blessing of God upon what I want to say.”

This, again, lets light in upon the remarkable success which Mr. Washington has had in his public work—not only before audiences, but with individuals, winning their favor and co-operation.

And both of these incidents recall to mind the pregnant sentence of John Foster: “Prayer is the greatest thing in the world. It keeps us near to God. My own prayer has been weak, wavering and inconstant, yet it has been the best thing I have ever done.”

“We Neither Affirm Nor Deny.”

A recent editorial in the Outlook seems to demand some little attention. A Methodist pastor had written a letter on occasion of certain of the Outlook’s remarks upon the case of Professor Gilbert, which stated in remarkably good form, except, perhaps, an over-emphasis of the distinctness in the persons of the Divine Trinity, the common Christian doctrine of the divinity of Christ. He remarked, in passing, that the Outlook’s position “that Jesus Christ is divine and worthy of divine worship, and yet that it makes no difference what metaphysical relation he has with God,” was untenable. The Outlook defends itself, and in the course of the editorial remarks:

“We do not affirm that there is not in the relationship between Jesus Christ and the Father something which is not and cannot be in the relationship between the disciples of Christ and the Father; on that subject we neither affirm nor deny. But we do not think it is safe to affirm that there is anything in that relationship impossible for the disciple to desire, to aspire after, and even devoutly and humbly to expect. To say that Jesus Christ was simply a devout man is one matter; to say that the devout man can become what Jesus Christ was is quite another matter. We do not affirm even this, but we do affirm that no one knows enough either of Jesus Christ or the Infinite Father, or the relationship between the two, to deny it.”

If Jesus Christ is God, then it is infinitely impossible for the devout man to “become what Jesus Christ was,” for man cannot become God. But, according to the Outlook, no one knows enough to deny the possibility of such a becoming. That is, no one knows enough to affirm the deity of Christ. On the other hand, the Outlook does not know enough to deny it. As to this subject it proposes to be non-committal.

This position may seem tenable to the editor of the Outlook, but to the ordinary reader the fact of the deity of Christ is a matter of revelation, if it is anything, for it is wholly unattainable by reason alone. If it was revealed with so much indefiniteness as to leave the church

in the uncertain position of the Outlook, the revelation must be adjudged a failure. But this is to say there was no revelation, for a revelation must reveal. The Outlook’s position is substantially the denial of all ground for believing the doctrine; that is, it is a denial of the doctrine itself.

Our quoted caption reminds us irresistibly of some of the old Ohio campaigns when the Prohibitionists were a threatening power in that State. The cry of the Republicans in one of these was, “We are neither for nor against.” They meant to say that the party did not pronounce upon the subject, and would not make it an issue of the campaign. But, of course, every Prohibitionist knew that what caused them to take this position would prevent them from ever doing anything for prohibition. The sequel proves this to be true, and the Republican party has done nothing against the liquor traffic in Ohio to this day. Practically, it was *for* the traffic. So the Outlook cannot “affirm” that there is “in the relationship between Jesus Christ and the Father something which is not and cannot be in the relationship between the disciples of Christ and the Father”; that is, cannot affirm the deity of Christ. It will generally be judged to be against that truth.

We think that signs have already appeared that the Congregational churches understand the process of gradual poisoning by which the effort has been made to corrupt their evangelical faith and make them over into a new sort of Unitarians. The reaction has begun. We trust that it will prove entirely successful, and that the Congregational body will be rescued from a danger which has seriously menaced it.

The financial year of the American Board closes August 31st. One month remains to get in offerings for this year. The financial situation on the first of July was as follows: Estimated expenses for the year, \$700,000. Receipts from all sources for the ten months were \$514,911. Balance required on the work of the year, \$185,089. To this must be added the previous debt, \$82,631. Whatever of this sum total—\$267,720—is not received in July and August, will pass over into the next year as debt on which interest will be paid. The decrease in receipts to July 1st from churches and individuals was \$13,909, as compared with the ten corresponding months of the previous year, and from all sources, \$26,395. Our readers can see the need for both general and generous contributions. It is intense. It would be a sad and declining day to us if our churches and the friends of missions should let down on this, our crowning work, and fail to keep it up to its high standard of efficiency.

Miss Harriet L. Bruce of our Marathi Mission, India, arrived via Hongkong on the steamer “Peru” last week Wednesday, and has gone East. Miss Bruce was born in India, her parents being still missionaries of the American Board. Twenty-four of our missionaries in India are the children of missionaries. This is a true kind of apostolic succession.

The Religious World.

That was good advice which the Bishop of London gave recently to the lay-helpers in his diocese. He said that there was no need to try to be original, that what the people wanted was the old gospel.

"The Christian religion cannot afford," says the Westminster Review, "to be brought down to the level of that of Confucius, which is simply a collection of moral apothegms without any ultimate authority beyond their inherent merits."

Union Theological Seminary has advanced to meet the demands of the times, and has established a department for lay instruction, having in view especially the needs of Sunday-school teachers. A complete course in the English Bible and in pedagogy has been arranged, at the completion of which diplomas will be given.

The sentiment in favor of out-door gospel preaching is growing. It is significant that an "open air" pulpit in London was dedicated recently by the Established Church of England, the Archbishop of Canterbury preaching the sermon. The space in front of the pulpit is paved, and there are sitting accommodations for a hundred persons and standing room for several hundred. Among the services planned are lectures on the evidences of Christianity, temperance lectures, and Saturday afternoon sermons in Yiddish for Jews.

The First Presbyterian church of Pittsburg has sold a portion of the ground on which its building stands for \$600,000. A tall office building will be erected thereon. Inasmuch as the remainder of the lot was given by the Penn heirs for church purposes only, it cannot be sold. Trinity M. E. church in Pittsburg has property from the same source, which cannot be sold. The First Presbyterian church, by this transfer, will secure for investment a fund which will bring an income of \$15,000 a year. This, after expending considerable for a new building. This down-town church has had for some time an annual deficiency of \$2,000.

For forty-three years Dr. Alexander Maclaren has been pastor of one church in Manchester, England. The British Weekly says: "The commanding influence of his pulpit is as great as ever, and no preacher in the city attracts young and old alike by his preaching like Dr. Maclaren." Any minister can learn the secret of his success, in considerable measure, by reading his sermons, many volumes of which have been published. Dr. Maclaren preaches the gospel in its simplicity and purity, and this world is old enough to know that nothing else meets the needs and satisfies the yearnings of mankind. As it was in Augustine's day, so it is now: men are restless till they rest in Christ, who came that we might have life, and have it abundantly.

The Pacific Unitarian complains—and justly, too—of the way the secular press reports religious meetings. It says: "The press is often trying in the manner in which it reports meetings of a conference. Really valuable addresses are wholly ignored or very inadequately reported, so that readers get no idea at all, and the value of a carefully prepared paper is confined to the very few who heard it. Some chance phrase that lends itself to picturesque treatment is made to eclipse all else." Referring to the recent Unitarian Conference in Los Angeles this religious journal continues: "At one of the sessions, in a very good address, Mrs. Wilkes related a remark that was made to her when she left the orthodox fold—that she was giving up the devil. The next morn-

ing's paper headed the report with startling type, 'Devil Was Left Behind When Eliza Forsook Her Baptist Home'—and this is journalism."

A few months ago the late Joseph Cook lectured in Park Street church in Boston, giving his 253d Monday lecture. At the close of that lecture he recited as his creed the following: "I believe in the Ten Commandments, and in the nine beatitudes; and in the seven petitions of the Lord's Prayer; and in the four 'alls' of the Great Commission; and in the six 'whatsoevers' of the apostle; and in the strictly self-evident truths in the 'cans' and 'cannots' of the Holy Word and of the nature of things; and that it is He who was, and is, and is to come; both exhaustless love and a consuming fire; Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; one God, infinite and unchangeable in every excellence; of whom the Universe is the autograph and the conscience of man the immortal abode; and the character and cross of Christ, the most glorious self-manifestation; our Savior and Lord, to whom be adoration and dominion, world without end." It was a fitting close to a series of lectures which, covering a quarter of a century, will ever stand among the best defences of evangelical Christianity.

An Indianapolis pastor says that Sunday excursions are interfering with church life more than any other influence with which the church has to contend. "Hundreds of men and women who are church members seem to have no conscience whatever on this subject, and will give as a reason for not being in the Sabbath-school or at a church service the previous Sunday, the fact that they took advantage of the cheap rates and went to this place or the other. They speak of this without a blush. The Sabbath conscience seems to be more and more seared. What is to be done about this is a question. The Christian people with conscience and intelligence, and with anything like a Biblical education on the Sabbath question, must rise up in might and protest against this desecration. It will have to come to this, that Sunday desecrators can not maintain their standing in the churches, and the quicker this position is taken by the church the better it will be for our country and for the kingdom of our Master." This from the Rev. Dr. Hunter, pastor of one of the leading Presbyterian churches of Indianapolis, is significant. Substantially the same thoughts were uttered last week at the Epworth League convention.

Crozier Theological Seminary, in Pennsylvania, has a president—Dr. Henry G. Weston—who is more than eighty years old. The New York Tribune said of him recently that he performs all the duties of his office and would deliver that week four lectures at an interdenominational Bible school in Michigan. The Pennsylvania Methodist says: "Henry G. Weston is the peer of any preacher or college president in the country. His sermons are models of terseness, of diction, of teaching, of Gospel truth. For more than half a century he has been a power in the pulpit of his own church, and his living, his precept, his practice, his example, have been that of the inspired Christian minister. . . Dr. Weston bears his years gracefully and well, and other aged men of God might be noted who are doing likewise. He is not rusting out, but working on willingly, uncomplainingly and cheerfully in the cause of his Divine Master. He is one of the men of ability, of liberality, of culture, of refinement, who have come down from a former generation. His up-to-date preaching is as fresh, vigorous, inspiring and helpful as when he put on the armor of the Christian warrior fully three score years ago." All of which we commend to the attention of such churches

as are afraid to touch the minister who is more than forty years old—as well as that elsewhere in this issue concerning Dr. Alexander Maclaren, who, near three-score years and ten, holds one of the most commanding influences in the ministry.

Epworth League Convention Notes.

The convention was declared by Bishop Hamilton to be the greatest gathering in the history of the church.

San Francisco's hospitality was an astonishment and a delight. There were many expressions to this effect.

The Registration books showed 18,841 in attendance. The Christian Endeavor convention in 1897 registered 26,108.

"Hospitality is for service, not for show. . . . The goal of righteousness is the goal of empire."—Bishop Hamilton.

It was stated that thirteen million dollars have been subscribed toward the twentieth century thank offering of twenty million dollars.

It was said that 100,000 Leaguers are consecrated to evangelistic work, and that this is to be made a memorable year for missions and allied benevolences.

"It is an indisputable fact," said Dr. Hughes of Kansas City, "that between the ages of 12 and 14 the great majority of young people arrive at the attitude toward religion which will continue throughout life."

It was a fine setting for Governor Gage and Mayor Phelan—in with the Bishops that opening afternoon. It might be a good thing for the State and the city if they could be kept there, figuratively speaking.

"The Pacific ocean is a greater ocean than the Atlantic," said Mayor Phelan—prospectively, of course. And Bishop Hamilton seconded the remark by saying that "California has the vantage ground of the world."

The San Francisco Call mentions as a notable feature of the convention "the high order of oratory." Word comes to us of splendid sermons in the Congregational pulpits that were occupied by visiting ministers.

Professor S. D. Mayer, organist at the First Congregational church of this city, was at the organ the afternoon of the opening. At once the vast audience realized that a master-hand was at a magnificent instrument.

It is evident that the Methodists are satisfied with their denominational young people's society. Said one leader: "I believe that the League has a function distinct and separate from that of Christian Endeavor, and that no desirable end would be served by their unification."

"The roll of the immortals is the roll of the self-sacrificing. . . . God's secrets are kept because man is not ready for them. We receive power only as we become fit instruments for that power."—Rev. O. E. Watson of Charlestown, South Carolina, in Pilgrim church, Oakland.

Among the resolutions passed was one expressing appreciation of the hearty co-operation on the part of the Christian Endeavor societies. Many Christian Endeavorers were on the reception committees; they contributed largely to the fund to meet the expenses of the convention and aided greatly in many ways.

"Human nature is not always appreciative of sacrifice at the time, but you may trust its later judgments," said

Bishop Warren. "The fathers may slay the prophets, but their children build their tombs. They may crucify their Christ, but the world bows in reverence of his holy name and all heaven proclaims him King of kings and Lord of lords."

The San Francisco Chronicle gave an excellent report of the convention. But in one thing the Chronicle was rather ambiguous. In describing the opening exercises it stated that "eleven thousand persons were singing as with one voice—and such singing!" The Chronicle should arise and explain. Was this a compliment or a criticism?

There has been considerable surprise expressed that so many of the persons on the program read their addresses. Even Bishop Joyce, an old-time camp-meeting thunderer, read. The Rev. Dr. Pickard of Cleveland made splendid use of his manuscript, detracting by it in no degree from the able address prepared on "The Institutional Church."

All through the convention effort was made to have a manifestation of interest by the clapping of hands. One presiding officer stated in an open meeting that the one criticism he heard was that they were too dignified and formal. He urged more hearty singing, more applause, and said that even shouting would be held in order at the noon-day meetings.

Our daily papers gave editorial recognition of the influence of this body of Christian workers. The Chronicle spoke of them as "representing the most substantial and useful element in American life." The Call placed them "among the most potent of the mighty forces which are slowly but surely working out the problems of the moral advancement of mankind."

Vice-President Roosevelt's telegram conveying greetings in the words, "May good luck attend the Epworth League in its efforts for social and civic righteousness," savored neither of theological nor Biblical terminology. Governor Durbin Ward of Indiana sets a better example in the words: "May our good Lord prosper you in the work to which you have consecrated yourselves."

One of the reception committees used an original song in which was welcome to "this land of sun and flowers." That was better than to "the land of corn and wine," as it was put in a welcoming ode which, on second thought, the author concluded not to have used. It was fortunate that this conclusion was reached. There would have been much criticism if it had appeared in print. The one who wrote it used the expression metaphorically, of course; but it would have been difficult to persuade temperance people in general that any use of it was wise.

It was worth being there Friday morning just to hear the Revs. G. W. Kerby and G. R. Turk of Montreal sing a duet. That song will linger longer in the memory of all in attendance than anything else that was heard that day. The words were, in part: "When the old ship, Zion, shall make her last trip, I want to be there." And then came the refrain, "I mean to be there. I expect to be there. Don't you?" Perhaps it wasn't high art in the musical line, but it was profoundly impressive. The singer is a co-worker with God. "Let me write the songs of a country," says one of great insight, "and I care not who may make its laws."

In his address on "Democracy in Religion," the Rev. Dr. Buckley said, in substance: We have all nationalities gathered here. We have the Catholic, the Jew, the Chinese, the negro; but we all worship the same God.

Let us go into the church of any of these faiths and ask an explanation of who and what God is and the same reply will be given in each. Some Catholics would not enter a Methodist church and many Methodists would not enter a Catholic church, but let me tell you it is better far for the spiritual good of man to worship God like a devoted Catholic than to worship as a Methodist in a lukewarm, half-hearted way. It is not the profession of faith that may count with St. Peter at the final reckoning, but the character of the professor.

In his Sunday afternoon address Bishop Joyce spoke of the humanity of Christ in substance as follows: Jesus Christ was a man—a being of flesh and blood. He is the very same Christ in human form at the right hand of God. Now, when you pray, pray to him. I can shut my eyes and see Jesus Christ. I have helped more people by telling them of this substantial thing—by telling them of the human Christ and having them go to him as one human being goes to another for help. There is no human being that does not want to be better. The human heart longs to be better. Jesus Christ is the embodiment of God's love to raise human nature. And then the bishop said: "I have been emphatic—perhaps you may think dogmatic—about the human side of Jesus Christ. I want to speak a few moments on the other side. Tomorrow we separate. Where shall we meet again—at God's bar? I want to say that if Christ is not God, we have no hope in our belief. Where are the men who ruled this world fifty years ago? Thirty years ago a haggard man stood at the ship of state and blistered his brain trying to save it. He is gone. A new ruler in England; a new ruler in France; a new ruler of the United States! We come and go. Thirty years will test most men. A single occasion will test some men. Nineteen hundred years have tested Jesus Christ, and he is eternal. He is in civilization, in fifty nations, the leader of the world."

Nature in Alaska.

H. Melville Tenney.

When I said to one of my friends, "I am going to spend my vacation in Alaska to study nature," he replied, "Why, do you not know that nature in Alaska is almost inarticulate?" It is an apt description, but it is only partly true.

Nature, indeed, in this "ultima thule" of our country, is not communicative in her ordinary language. But the delight of learning her secrets through the medium of a new tongue, and of winning your way back to her heart in spite of her coyness, is a rare and fascinating experience. For more than half the year the "great white silence" brooding over land and sea holds the earth in a frigid calm. Then there are days and weeks of tempest and tumult wild; but when the hush comes again the sky has an austere loveliness, and ever and anon it glows with an intensity of splendor indescribable. Then—

"The northern lights come down o' nights
To dance with the houseless snow"—

and the earth rejoices in the glory of the shining heavens.

With returning spring and the coming of summer, life begins to inhabit the earth again and to speak with her ordinary tones, albeit there are cadences peculiar to this northern clime.

When we reached Unalaska, the first week in June, spring was still "lingering in the lap of winter." The weird island mountains of Aleutia were snow-capped, while their bases were resplendent with living green. The contrasts between the color of the sea and the mountain slopes, between the ermin-clad summits and the sky,

were striking in the full sunlight, and had a beauty all their own, even in the gray days.

Not far from Unalaska, shut in by the islands, with only a narrow arm reaching the sea, is an estuary that hardly feels the pulse of the tide and is as placid as an inland lake. With no sail to catch the eye, no habitation along its shores, no waterfowl to ripple its surface, with only the bending sky above it and the sentinel mountains on guard, the picture of solitude is complete.

But as your gaze lingers, your sense of its beauty passes into a feeling of its desolation. But here comes a merry party of picnickers from the ships. The blue smoke of their fire curls upward against the background of the hills, the calm of the water is broken by the waders in search of clams or succulent mussels, the sound of laughter or the strain of a song is wafted to you, and the desolation departs. Nature without man is incomplete. Life is forever the center which gives meaning to the beauty of her setting.

I climbed to the summit of the mountain that overlooks the sea. To the east stretched the quiet waters of the harbor that can hold all the navies of the world. Far in the distance, overleaping the crests of the lesser peaks, is the cone of a living volcano with its banner of smoke still out. To the west a tumble of snowy summits as far as the eye can reach, and to the north the waters of Behring sea. Beating on into the fog is a white-winged schooner, looking so pitifully desolate and inadequate in the waste of weltering waters. An overwhelming sense of the mystery, of the possible cruelties of fate, of the untried dangers and disappointments that were hidden behind that veil of mist, swept over me until I turned to the south with unutterable longings.

Is it not a picture of many a religious experience? From the "peak in Darien" how many a soul has looked out on the mist-hidden sea of the spiritual realm and wondered, with an increasing shudder, what realities were hidden behind the veil. But it is only the soul that can shudder with fear that ere long can rest in perfect trust. And when the sense of the inevitable mystery of life has passed into a perfect faith, the soul has increased its stature and possesses a nobler capacity for the divine realities.

One feels a sense of disappointment at first as he reaches the ice barriers in Behring Sea. There are no "mountains of crystal" with unstable bases, ready to topple over on to the fragile ship. The "towering cathedrals," with marvelous architectural beauty, are wanting. There are great expanses of ice with uneven surface, indented with bays of black water; there are detached floes of all shapes and sizes moving in a sluggish procession, with but little dignity or impressiveness. Under the sunlight the ice gleams like a white band along the horizon. In the mist the reflected light makes a halo as far as the ice extends. Here and there a seal breaks the surface, sometimes a walrus is seen basking himself on the ice, and in the distance the whales are spouting in their play.

One evening there came a crowning moment of vision. We had felt our way further and further northward until we had reached the open sea, and in the offing was a dim headland of the Nome peninsula. In the northwest the sun was declining for its brief absence; in the northeast the moon was rising full-orbed and ruddy, with a light that I had never seen on land or sea. The waters, flecked with ice floes, were bronzed to a beautiful hue; the sky in the west was radiant with gold, and in the east royal with purple, and these shaded up into a delicate pearl in the zenith. The ship that followed shim-

mered with splendor as it sailed through the opalescent sea. For the first time in my experience I could credit and understand Nansen's water colors reproduced in his "Farthest North."

The Nome peninsula has a variegated topography. The tundra in localities stretches for miles between the sandy beach and the foothills. The hills that bound it are the representatives of more hills in the interior. They break the country into a tumble of unevenness, like the surface of a stormy sea suddenly congealed. Miniature rivers abound and the singing brooks feed them from every side. The hills are grass-clad but treeless, and the valleys sustain only scrubby growths of willows.

The tundra in the spring is little else than a bog, but a bog with a sure foundation of frozen ground no more than two feet from the surface. In the summers with little rain, like that of last year, it dries out and there are inviting patches of moss on which to pitch your tent and find your bed already made.

The grasses spring up quickly under the impulse of summer sun, and by and by the morass of the early season becomes like a rolling wheat field sparsely sown, and variegated here and there with nodding flowers. Along the streams the grasses are luxuriant and flowers abound. The strawberry, the salmonberry and the blueberry are plentiful in some localities. The larkspur and iris, heather-bells, the buttercup and the ox-eyed daisy thrive in their appropriate places. The young lady botanist for the government found three hundred and twenty-eight varieties of flowering plants in the vicinity of Nome, and can we believe her when she says, "Along the gold-bearing creeks I find that the flowers have more brilliant hues than anywhere else?"

The wild life on land in this part of Alaska is not abundant. I saw only the ptarmigan, a pitiful excuse for a game bird, and the Arctic hare, about the size of our jack rabbit, but nearly white and much sleeker and more inviting. The water fowl crowd the inland lakes and the various fisher birds follow the schools of sea fish to the shores. The eager swoop and the delicate balancing of the pure white birds—nameless to me—that preyed upon the innumerable sardines that rushed to the beach from the pursuing salmon, was a diverting sight for days along the shore. But there was a gray robber among them who never fished for himself, but wrested the prey from the very beaks of the workers. Surely, the habit of a certain class in society was bred in the blood and brain far back in the line of our progenitors, and how fully we acknowledge our kinship when we do not conquer the instinct!

It would seem that one season may belie another in this northern clime. Did not we expect almost continuous rain? And we found, for two golden months, continuous sunshine. Sunset at 10, sunrise at 1:30, and plenty of light to read by, even during the intermission. The alarm clock was used chiefly to go to bed by.

The sea was as quiet at times as an inland lake. I paddled my canvass canoe for miles along the beach with only enough swell to rock me with the gentlest motion. The tides need never be taken into account, for in the summer on this shore they never reached over two feet. The air was balmy and sweet, but the wind from the north and west had not quite forgotten the ice fields across which it had come.

But with the passing of the halcyon days of the summer nature took on another mood. The fleecy clouds began to darken. The sunsets are glorious, but portentous by the very beauty of the coming storms. The wind coming off the sea churns up the shallow waters, and the

breakers, white-crested but cruel, begin to dash farther and farther out from the land. Now only the staunchest boats dare venture. The ships have all of them hoisted anchor and put out to sea. The rain drives in sheets and the storm roars in sullen anger through the days and nights.

There were many claimants of Nome beach, with its reputed golden sands, and they pushed and struggled, and called in the aid of the law and the soldiers all through the season. In September a new claimant appeared—old Behring Sea. He warned and entreated; he roared in his rage all up and down the beach, and if the miners had listened they might have understood his meaning— "This is my beach; get off my property!" But they were unmindful and lingered. Then, one black September day, with majestic stride he swept up the beach to the very edge of the tundra, and smoothing out its sands over tents, and machinery, and sluice boxes, he cried with a mighty voice, "Now do you believe me? Whoever is second, I am the first claimant of Nome beach and it will always remain my property."

And yet, despite her reputation, nature is not cruel in Alaska. She shows a kindly face to those who learn and obey her laws. Once familiar with her requirements and submissive to her rule, this rugged land with its rigorous climate, with its wild fords and mammoth glaciers, its mighty rivers and majestic mountains, will have an abiding inspiration for lovers of nature in her loftier moods.

Quiet Corner Notes.

By W. N. Burr.

"There are persons whose individuality is so intense that one cannot hear their names pronounced without a certain response in his mind," once wrote Kate Sanborn. Every one who ever thinks at all will recognize his own thought in the above. One individual always suggests to us a thunder-storm; another, an iceberg. One seems to have lived all her life in the month of November (Miss Sanborn's impression of Charlotte Bronte); another suggests roses, and "carries summer in her garments" (Miss Sanborn's "mind response" at the mention of Miss Mitford). You see "factory" in one name—spindles, looms, belts, wheels, all touched by the power of steam, and everything in motion; another suggests a schoolhouse at night. One reminds us of a butterfly; another of butter-milk. The name of Charlotte Cushman turned the thought of Helen Jackson toward a snow-crowned mountain-peak, towering high above its fellows. Mention Carlyle and one sees gruffness and roughness as full of sharp points as a pincushion; Wordsworth, and the mind turns at once to primroses and spring; Longfellow, the warmth and brightness of Italian skies; Whit-tier, the warmth and brightness of the wood-fire in an old New England fire-place; Howells, a hot-house; George Eliot, philosophy; Dinah Muloch Craik, home and mother; Talmage, a flaming sword; Beecher, a magnificent oak tree, with a tender but sound heart.

I never met Joseph Cook but once, but from that day his name has suggested colossal proportions. The news of his recent death brought back the experiences of that day. At the time I wrote in my note-book: "One in the presence of this man is impressed with a sense of vastness, as if standing in the midst of an apparently limitless prairie."

My first sight of Joseph Cook was just a glance or two as he walked down the street. A large man with a large head, wearing a tall hat, a sack coat, and the old-fashioned, large, baggy trousers—that was all I saw,

then. Later, I met him in the reading-room of the Young Men's Christian Association. I then discovered that he possessed what undergraduates would call a "large" voice, and that he had the most piercing, absorbing, restless eyes that ever were set in the head of a man. No wonder he knew everything, for he certainly saw everything.

"I congratulate you, sir, on your opportunities for doing good," he remarked to the Secretary of the Association. "I have often thought that I would as soon choose the secretaryship of a Young Men's Christian Association for a life-work as the ministry. Perhaps my brother here," turning to one of the city pastors who stood by, "would not agree with me in that, but that is my view of the great importance of this work."

"I am sure Mr. — has as much work to do as any of us, and does it as well," replied the pastor.

"The Association in Boston is doing a great work in their magnificent new building," continued Mr. Cook. "I can remember, when I was a boy, slipping often into their little library to get a book to read, timid as a mouse, almost afraid to ask for the book I wanted." That seemed to me almost incredible, for, with other elephantine characteristics, Mr. Cook certainly impressed one on short acquaintance as being a true pachyderm.

"We have been having good times in Boston during the winter," he said, as he was leaving the room. "I think Unitarianism has seen its best days there. We have not so much bad philosophy in Boston, after all, as some good people give us credit for."

That night I listened to his lecture on "The Seven Modern Wonders of the World." The impression of immenseness then burst all bounds and ran riot in illimitable space. A large man using big words to express great thoughts—that was Joseph Cook on the platform. With the change of the adjective qualifying the noun "head," we were reminded, as seldom before, of Goldsmith's "Village Schoolmaster"—

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Stupendous facts and marvelous figures came from his brain at his bidding, as readily as if turned out by clock-work.

One could not easily dismiss the thought that the machinery which has made possible his first modern wonder, (1) speed of communication between nations, had in some way gotten into Joseph Cook's brain and made of him an eighth wonder. With the history of the hermit nations, whose self-reformation is the second modern wonder (2), he was apparently as familiar as if all his days had been among them. The parallel advance of education in representative governments (3) had been noted, in all its details, by this colossal newsgatherer. He saw visions and dreamed dreams concerning the prospective moral alliance of nations (4). The triumphs of Christianity in our Century (5) led him on to a graphic discussion of the current fulfillment of Biblical prophecy (6); and in presenting the seventh wonder he led us off among the ways of scientific supernaturalism (7), intricate and difficult to the majority of minds, but not to that man who knew no labyrinths.

The frequency with which he used his hands and arms in illustrating his thought was noticeable. He would measure distances and mark the points of his discussion on his left arm. The palm of his hand was made to represent, for instance, the church, and the fingers the various agencies which the church throws out to draw men to herself. Ideas that are closely related were represented by the interlocked fingers of both

hands; and he seemed never to have outgrown the child-habit of counting on his fingers.

That he was a careful student of both sides of a question was evident from the frequency with which, having stated one side, he would roll out a prolonged "bu-ut," which occurred so often that before he was half through the lecture one began to look for it as the introduction to the other side.

With all the impressions and suggestions and facts of immense magnitude that Joseph Cook carried with him, there was one thing which he turned that night in the opposite direction, having whittled it down to a point remarkably small. "There are but six good newspapers in the United States," he remarked in the course of his lecture; "one is a New York paper, another comes from Chicago. I call no names."

But all this was fifteen years ago. Perhaps before he died he found he could enlarge his list of good newspapers a little.

Corona, Calif.

Sparks from the Anvil.

By Dr. Johns D. Parker.

Inspired men seem to be given some conception of the power of God, and men of science begin to realize something of the vast forces of nature. Job, in speaking of the power of God, says, "Who can hinder him?" and Paul says, "Who hath resisted his will?" In the natural world no one tries to withstand God. The force required to roll the earth on its axis, or to cause it to revolve in its orbit, cannot be computed by men, and the earth, compared to other masses of matter in nature that fly swiftly, is but a grain of sand. The writer, after a tornado had passed by in its destructive course, saw a man sitting on the stone foundation of his house that had been carried off, saying, "I built my house in a hurry, and it went off suddenly." The man who put his shoulder against the outside door of his house to keep it shut, when the tornado came, soon found himself flying through the air, side by side with the door, and he could never find his house again. The members of the solar system roll on very regularly; eclipses come and go in cycles of nineteen years; the rivers run into the sea, and the vapors return in clouds, and there must be as large rivers in the sky as on the land; the winds sometimes sweep with resistless power, and who can direct the lightning's flash? The same God rules in the moral world, and why do men try to resist him? Christ says, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me"—in mercy or in judgment.

* * *

Sometimes in semi-conscious states of mind, between waking and sleeping, philosophic minds seem to have a glimpse of the fearful truth conveyed in the words, "The worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched." In these times of transition, as it were, between two worlds, such a sense of guilt comes over them, that they feel crushed under the weight of wrong-doing, which comes out perhaps from some dream, and they are ready to call upon the rocks, saying: "Fall on us and hide us from avenging justice." Few realize the state of the disembodied spirit, when its powers are unclogged, and fully awakened to the realities of the unseen world. Some one has said, "Better arm every devil against us than to have our conscience as an eternal enemy." Conscience will sting the unforgiven soul after death like an unquenchable fire. How precious in that fearful hour to hear the voice of the Son of God, saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace."

Nothing is so permanent as the divine kingdom, and nothing so sure to come to pass as the divine purposes. God is the Absolute, and there is nothing dependent or contingent in his kingdom. Divine wisdom has taken everything into consideration and provided for all contingencies. The worlds may pass away, the stars may crumble to dust, but God's plans will never fail. Christ says, "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." Not the smallest letters in the original Bible, nor the minutest points of the letters, as the expression signifies, shall fail. The psalmist says that Christ "shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth." A man could more easily carry a mountain on his shoulder, or dam the Amazon, than he could stay the divine kingdom from becoming universal. The psalmist says: "Walk about Zion, and go around about her, tell the towers thereof, mark well her bulwarks." A great river has some back currents and some swirls, but at last it pours its waters into the ocean. In Christ's kingdom sometimes there seem to be back currents, like the Dark Ages, but these soon pass away. In the spring there are snow drifts and patches of snow in hollows that melt slowly, but in due time the winter passes away, and summer takes possession. So, in due time, truth and the forces of the divine kingdom will take entire possession of the whole world. "Ask of me," says the psalmist, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." "Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."

* * *

The sixth cry from the cross ought to thrill every soul. We read that Jesus said, "It is finished; and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost." How many lives terminate without the work contemplated being finished. It is said that when Goethe was buried a manuscript, whose subject was dear to his heart, and on which he had labored for a long time, was laid on his coffin unfinished, and buried with him. At some moment of time all lives terminate, but few lives are finished. Sometimes, after long years of toil and hardship, just as a man lays his hand on a fortune, he dies. We are told that the ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully, so he thought he would pull down his barns and build greater, and take his ease, eat, drink and be merry; but suddenly he heard a voice saying: "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." Sometimes a statesman, after many years of toil, is elected President, but dies before his first term of office expires. Christ, however, said, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." He fulfilled the prophecy of Scripture, in which every path leads to Calvary. He finished the sacrifice by which God can be just and still the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. That garment of his special righteousness, of his sufferings and death, was woven, and every thread of the warp and woof was woven into the fabric. His days of humiliation were ended. He endured on the cross more than can be put into the frame of words, but the agony of the cross came to an end when he bowed his head and he commended his spirit into the hands of his Father. Then he was glorified. We read that for the joy that was set before him he endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God. Every man doubtless has some mission on earth. Who would not strive to finish his work?

* * *

Intelligent men are careful of their physical environment. No prudent man would build a home by the

side of a stagnant pool. In a similar way wise men are careful of their moral environment. No thoughtful father would build his home by the side of a saloon. A night editor, who worked in a Western city, on a daily morning paper, located close to a saloon, says he can never forget the night scenes in that saloon. The awful moral pollution of that saloon seems to have poisoned his very nature, and he fears he can never rid his memory of the profanity and vulgarity of those terrible nights. Some ministers talk of "regeneration by saturation." Place a child in a Christian home, and he generally becomes a Christian. Environment, however, must not be carried so far as to destroy freedom of choice. Christians are not made mechanically or chemically.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

The Epworth League Convention.

It was a real pleasure to get a breath of this live Methodist institution; to see the waving banners and the starry flags, to hear for a few minutes the already famous organ, to catch the contagion of the zealous youth and the veterans who will never be old. How good that great sign looked in the rear of the choir gallery: "Our Work for 1901-2, MISSIONS." I have never seen that word painted so large. In view of the sad Twain Marks on missions and the ignorant criticisms of uninterested editors, this challenge of the young Methodists was refreshing. What Joseph Cook called the solar light of happy and inspiring faces was very much in evidence, and one could feel the strong resemblance of the mighty gathering to the great Endeavor convention. Doctor Buckley's address in the open-air held his audience from beginning to end. When he writes he is master of his subject. He knows what he wants to say to a listening crowd and says it with both wit and warmth. It was a broad-gauge address, in the best sense of the word. His advice to his son to go to that church, irrespective of denomination, where head and heart called him, was good. His willingness to introduce his son, when he came of age, to any church he would choose for his spiritual home, sounded as fair and fine as any boast of our Congregational liberty. The world does move, and move fast and forcefully, in the direction of fellowship. Let it be written large in our memories that the Golden Gate Union is in the League with a gift of five hundred dollars, and that on the committees of welcome Christian Endeavorers have served as heartily as they would for their own society. Our pastor's prayers for these dear visitors to our State, the remembrance of them in the meetings of our own little local society, have been hearty and wholesome. And yet it has been hard to repress the wish that they were all, with the fire of Whitfield and the devotion of Wesley, in that one army of Christian Endeavor which is the mightiest single force for Christian truth and unity in this modern time. Yet dare we not quite say, as Dr. Beecher did of a church which voted to divide, "Make two of them: Adam and Grace will accomplish more than Grace alone." God bless the League and the Endeavor Society in all the world! May they provoke each other to love and good works.

A Granddaughter of John Brown.

It was a pleasure to go into our Saratoga society tonight and find a young granddaughter of John Brown of Harper's Ferry leading the meeting. Verily, the old heroic soul is marching on! He did not see such girls in his day. At least, they were not expected to grace a meeting as this gentle, Christian girl did this evening. God bless her and her mates, who give such promise of sweet influence and efficiency for Christ's church for days

to come. This young Endeavorer illustrated her father's and her grandfather's familiarity with the Bible, for her chief contribution, beyond her genial and gentle obedience to the chairman of the prayer-meeting committee, was her apt reading of most appropriate Scripture. What a glad hour for her Sunday-school teacher, to see her scholar do so well. How jealously a true church watches the beginnings of effective and influential life for the lambs of the flock. Happy father who will hear how willingly the church of his love has followed, for a useful evening, the leading of his dear child.

Dr. Jordan.

The evening's lesson about Samson has made me think of Doctor Jordan. He has recently gladdened our little village by a useful lecture most heartily given. It gave some of us a better chance to know him. He is a living illustration of his book on "The Strength of Being Clean." He is a man of remarkable simplicity in personal habits. He does not drink tea or coffee or use pastry. Of course, he does not stain his fine body with tobacco. He could not play first base so admirably on the faculty nine if he were a cigarette smoker. Were he of careless physical habit he could never have lived through the strain of starting a great university in such trying times. As Oliver Wendell Holmes said of Henry Ward Beecher, after his remarkable campaign in England in opening the eyes of the Mother Country to the moral meaning of our Civil War, "No tobacco user could have done it." The strain of the last two years would have broken a man who had not the wholesome strength of cleanness.

Perhaps some fathers with children to educate will wonder a little, as I have, about the attitude on temperance of the head of a great university which owns vineyards and wineries. He united with like-minded members of the faculty to buy a farm adjoining Palo Alto, in order to keep saloons farther away from his students. I did not ask him if he ever drank wine. I felt the strength of his chivalry, uprightness, cleanness. I sensed the secret of the hold he has on students by his dignity and manliness. I do not love Oberlin less, and I am not disloyal to our own Pomona, because I thank God for the clean, strong, pure, brave men leading our great universities. "He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger."

May Be Only a Clearing House.

WHAT THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY MAY BECOME THROUGH DIFFERENCES WITH SEVERAL STATE ORGANIZATIONS.

Serious differences exist between the Congregational Home Missionary Society and missionary societies in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan and Missouri. The first named, which has just celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary and to which considerably more than half the Congregational churches of the country owe their existence, has long considered itself a national society. While not older than some State societies, notably the Massachusetts, it has counted the latter as auxiliaries. The financial plan between them has not worked well, and has been changed gradually to the advantage of the State organizations, until it has come about that the State societies attend to almost all of their work, appointing their own missionaries, raising their own funds, etc., and leaving the general society little save the small Pacific Coast fields. Under such a plan it has proven easy for State societies not to carry out their agreement with the general society to turn over to it any surplus they might have, simply by planning their work so as

not to have any surplus. This condition of affairs has resulted, logically, in the general society falling into debt, with very slim chance of getting out. The present contention is, on the part of the State societies, that they are about everything worth mentioning in Congregational extension work, and on the part of the general society that it is a national body, representative as such of Congregational churches of the whole country, and possessing discretionary power to administer benevolences. At the Diamond Jubilee a few weeks since, in Boston, the nightmare of this contention intruded itself into the rejoicing, and a committee of fifteen was named to adjust matters. That committee has just held a meeting, has transacted some routine work concerning this year's appropriations, and has adjourned till cooler weather comes. Just now the State people are emphatically on top. They dictated the program at Boston, and they showed their power at the late meeting in New York. If they continue, it is not unlikely to happen that there will be a complete reorganization, in which the general society will be reduced to little more than a clearing house for the State societies, and its headquarters removed from New York to Chicago. There is, however, to be taken into account the latent conservatism that comes from the management of \$600,000 a year and the respect due to seventy-five years of exceedingly useful work. "The fruits of combination in commercial affairs, apparent more and more each year, are having their lesson upon management of church benevolences," says a careful observer, who knows the ins and outs of all these matters, but who is not a Congregationalist. "While it is true that Congregationalists give, in proportion to their membership, more money annually than any other Christians in America, they have not a system of administration of those funds, especially those intended for home church extension, that is as good as some others. There is more spent upon details than some think ought to be spent, and there is less inclination on the part of Congregationalists, and naturally, to surrender to central authority. The result is some friction, a good many committees, and a big bill of costs. Individual independence is a luxury and must be paid for. For my part, I believe the present storm will blow over without much rain. That is, I hardly think the old Home Missionary Society will be sacrificed. I know some say the present committee, when it meets again in the fall, will be under control of the State societies and hostile to the General Society, which may mean a mere clearing house and Chicago headquarters, but I believe these men will hesitate to go so far. Still they may prove radical. Big interests are involved and many thousands of people are deeply interested."—Boston Transcript.

The churches of New York have undertaken with each passing year larger and more extensive schemes of philanthropy. Trinity church alone sends four thousand children to outings by the sea, and Madison Square Presbyterian church, over three thousand. There is not a down-town church of any considerable strength which is not spending large sums annually to make the heated term less fatal to the families of the poor. But it must be confessed all this relief is but temporary. What New York needs is just such a rebuilding of its slum districts as London is engaged upon, such an extensive reconstruction as Glasgow has begun. In neither of these cities is the work done a charity; but the cost is amply repaid by the rents, which are lower than before. Apart from the corruption of our politics there is no reason why English poor should be better housed than our own. Our laborers deserve not simply an outing, but a home.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

Lessons of Trust. (Gen. xiii: 1-18.)

Lesson V. August 4, 1901.

An Eclipse of Faith.

All that we have learned of Abram thus far has been in the highest degree honorable. But now we have to mark one of those inconsistencies such as meet us in almost every life-history (xii: 10-20); for it is much easier to rise to a heroic action than it is to maintain life at an uniformly heroic level.

It must have been with a certain exultant satisfaction that Abram moved from place to place under the sense of divine leadership. It was better for him, and almost any one would agree to this, to—

“Walk with God in the dark
Than walk alone in the light.”

But this very placid enjoyment, by unnerving resolution, held in itself the seeds of danger; and all too soon Abram found himself in serious fault.

It came about in connection with that enforced residence in Egypt, to which the famine in Canaan compelled him. As he drew near the borders of Egypt he began to speculate about his reception there, and to forecast the probable difficulties of his position. He was going, now, out from the open country of Canaan, into the more densely peopled kingdom of the south. He knew what city life and the neighborhood of royalty had meant in Chaldea, and was not unnaturally apprehensive of disastrous results from Sarai's presence in Egypt (xii: 12-44). Like many another, he forgot just when he ought to have remembered, and instead of trusting to the protecting arm of God, he tried diplomacy and, as usual, made a wretched failure of it. It was rather a shrewd way of putting the case, he may have thought, just emphasizing one of the relations in which Sarai stood to him and concealing the other—quite in the Oriental way, too. But it precipitated the very trouble he feared (xii: 15, 16). Sarai was taken from him; not at once, probably, but in course of time; and when his deception was discerned the outraged and indignant king ignominiously expelled him and his belongings from the country (xii: 17-20). It was a sad ending to a journey which had begun so auspiciously; an unmanly weakness; worse than that, a sin—albeit we must not apply too rigorously the standard of morals to which twenty Christian centuries have raised our thought—a blot upon the new religion, too, just where it was most desirable to make it respected. Better have trusted God, and let him work out the promised deliverance, as he would.

Emerging from the Shadow.

And so, a humiliated and humbled man, Abram turns his face northward (xiii: 1, 2). During the period of his residence in the fertile pasture lands of Egypt his property had greatly increased and now he “was very rich in cattle, in silver and in gold.” But he carried a sad heart with him. He would have been glad, we may imagine, had it been possible, to have sacrificed it all, could he have thereby rooted out from memory this disloyal weakness, and brought back the brightness of his former open vision of the Guiding Hand. Alas, we cannot so divorce ourselves from our sins! But God teaches us by our mistakes not less than by our successes, and Abram was to learn much from those experiences.

It is very suggestive, in this view, that the whole history of those long and weary months, during which

they were slowly moving over the three hundred miles from Egypt, is condensed into the single paragraph (xiii: 3, 4), “And he went on his journeys from the south even to Bethel, and the place where his tent had been at the beginning between Bethel and Ai, unto the place of the altar which he had made there at the first; and there Abram called on the name of the Lord.” Instinctively he turned thither, this heavy-hearted wanderer, as in great emergencies men will yearn for the home of happier days. That highland knoll between Bethel and Ai was the most sacred spot to him in all the world. Only let him once more gain that refuge, and there begin his life anew! All through that protracted journeying this hope had been his beacon light. And now his desire is attained. Bethel, with all its hallowed associations, is reached; and the penitent worships once more where he has been wont to meet his God. This now shall be his home. Here, in congenial pursuits and pious offices, he will pass his days. So the new life begins.

A Domestic Crisis.

If that were his expectation, it was doomed to disappointment. Trouble did invade even that sanctuary. It came, too, as is so often the case, out of the very conditions from which he had looked for peace. “Abram was very rich in cattle, in silver and in gold. Lot also which went with him had flocks and herds and tents.” There were all the essentials for just such unseemly contentions as are now so sadly prevalent. For there is no such disturber of harmony in families as wealth. Hardly any of the fortunes accumulated in these days can be distributed without heart-burnings and alienations, if not actual quarrels between those who deem themselves unfairly treated. And the less the actual need the more bitter, often, would seem to be the controversy. As between Abram and Lot the trouble was this—pasturage and water. There was land enough for all their cattle, if only it had been available. But the most and possibly the best was held by the Canaanites, who would not give to these strangers rights of occupancy. Being thus restricted, it was almost inevitable that disputes and contentions should arise between the rival herdsmen of Abram and Lot.

Abram's way of dealing with this crisis reflects the highest credit upon his character and wisdom. It would have been the easiest thing in the world to have allowed this quarrel between the servants to have developed into a scandalous contention between these two representatives of Jehovah, and this in the presence of the ungodly world. And if its settlement had depended upon Lot there is too much reason to fear that such would have been the result. It was clearly his place to give way, in the circumstances, he being the younger man, and indebted for his standing wholly to the generosity of his uncle. But it takes at least two to make a quarrel; and Abram was too large-souled, had too much family affection, and was too genuinely pious to lend himself to any such wickedness and folly. Laying aside, therefore, what to a smaller or less religious nature would have been held to as the rights and proprieties of the case, he pleads with his nephew against allowing themselves to be drawn into the quarrel. For himself, he is ready to make any personal sacrifice to avoid it. And so, in the separation which seems unavoidable, he magnanimously refers the decision of locations to Lot (xiii: 8, 9). He could afford to do this, for to him material possessions were as nothing beside that life of godly obedience to which he was committed. He would not dishonor his God—specially in the eyes of the surrounding heathen—by letting it seem as if those things were to him the

matters of supreme interest. Had he not the divine assurance that he should be cared for? Let the rest go. O man, great in thy faith, great in thy religion, great in thy wisdom, would that thy successors were more numerous, in families and in churches!

Faith vs. Sense.

Lot was on the whole a good man—so the Scripture affirms (II Pet. ii: 7); but he could not rise to the greatness of this occasion. He was not a hero, lacking heroic faith; lacking, too, the fine sense of brotherhood. He looked over the country with his own personal interest in view. He decided the matter on a thoroughly worldly basis—and not the highest worldliness, at that. He evidently did not feel the impulses of honor or gratitude; or, if he felt them at all, they were secondary to his grasping greed. He certainly gave very little weight to the moral disadvantages and dangers which stood in the way of life on the plain, and of which, in general, he must certainly have been aware. "Lot lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, like the garden of the Lord," in contrast with the sun-burnt hill country stretching northward—"like the land of Egypt."

"So Lot chose him all the plain of Judea." It was a thoroughly worldly decision on his part; just such as men nowadays are continually making in lines of business or personal interest. And as the result, "Abram dwelled in Canaan, Lot in the cities of the Plain." He thought, and probably the general verdict would be, that he had gotten the best of the bargain. But had he? Does any man make a profitable exchange who sacrifices his higher to his lower interests, generosity to greed, religion to pelf?

God's Vindication.

None of the people inhabiting Canaan at that time were virtuous; they were, indeed, shockingly corrupt. But among them all the Sodomites were pre-eminent for wickedness; how superlatively vile, was illustrated in an event related a little farther on, and which has linked their names to the most detestable crimes. Yet it was into this neighborhood that Lot, for the sake of gain, was willing to adventure, not only himself, but his children and other dependents. Not only so, but he "moved his tent as far as Sodom," the worst of them all (xiii: 12, 13). So recklessly did he tamper with temptation! Had Abram been forced, by Lot's choice of the northern uplands, to dwell in the south land, we may be very sure that he would have put the utmost possible distance between his tribe and those polluted and polluting cities; or, if he associated with them at all, only to do them good. He had not left his Chaldean home to be entrapped by these more abominable idolaters. And it must have been with a heavy heart that he watched while the company of his nephew moved off, wearing the complacent smile of those who feel that they have distanced their rivals. Did he, or they, recall that scene when, a little later on, they were forced to owe not only possessions but life itself to the magnanimous interposition of Abram and his young men (xiv: 12-16); or when the intercession of his uncle saved Lot and his two daughters from the fearful doom of the Sodomites (xix: 20)?

But God did not allow it to remain doubtful, for even a little while, on which side of this transaction He stood. Right upon the division, apparently—perhaps even while Abram stood on the rocky heights about Bethel—the Lord made his presence known to him. There he renewed all previous promises, and this with added fullness and solemnity (xiii: 14-17). The more to impress upon his servant's mind the objective reality of his inheritance, God bids him to travel over his domain,

"the length of it and the breadth of it; for unto thee will I give it." With what eyes, after this, must Abram have looked out upon the hills and vales of Canaan! All were his and his descendants' by right of eminent domain. He held them as representative of the Sovereign Lord, a sanction higher than any earthly king could convey. And this was but a single illustration of God's attitude toward goodness in man. His vindication of Abram is reproduced in his favor toward every one who puts His service and His word above self and sense. "He always wins who sides with God."

* * * * *

And Abram moved his tent and came and dwelt by the oaks of Mamre which are in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord." Would that we also might more generally count God's word true, and, presuming upon it, go forward in the way of his commandments; put him to the test, and so demonstrate that there is no lack to them that walk uprightly. More specifically, that we get more into the habit of meditating upon the riches of grace which are ours in Christ Jesus, and venturing boldly upon his promised grace in every hour of need.

Would that, along with these joyous thoughts, grateful love and true devotion might keep equal pace, so that wherever we have a home, God shall have an altar!

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Gaining by Losing. (Mark x: 28-30.)

Lesson V. August 4, 1901.

Life is one constant experience of losing and gaining. There is no exception to this. This world is like a great market, which one may visit for his weekly selections. On every side there is an abundance from which our choice is to be made. For various reasons we pass by many kinds of food. We make our selections and move on refreshed and made strong, or weakened and made less valuable to ourselves and to the world. This is our daily experience in the realm of character. The world is crowded with ideas and inducements. Our life cannot go on without our making constant choice of these. As we find ourselves constituted there is excessive danger that we shall make a selection which will be harmful by a slow and deceptive process, if not by the evident and rapid course. It is of the greatest moment that we know both ourselves and the effect of these varied and numberless moral goods from which, every hour of our waking existence, we choose, and move on to moral vigor or moral weakness.

* * *

Peter's question ought to be frequently asked by everybody, more especially in the form given by Matthew. "What, then, shall we have?" Multitudes have gone down in every phase of life, in business and in religious life, because they have neglected to make this inquiry and push it to a final answer. Because they have not seen the end to which their choice would certainly carry them, they have found when too late that some earlier selection of conduct or purpose has been unwise and fatal. It would be well for numbers of Christians to waken to this fact. In it they might find the reason why their growth is so slow and their work of so little value to the great kingdom. Suppose, as one preparation for our meeting this week, we take a quiet hour or two to review the selections we are making from the world of ideas and aims which, on every hand, press us for attention and choice.

Here are the club and the home; where will you come out, if you give your time to the former rather than to the latter? There are the Bible and other literature; will you be the gainer or the loser if you give other literature the higher place in your culture rather than the teachings of Jesus Christ? There is the money you earn, or have as a gift; what will be the final effect upon yourself if you use it in the proportion of spending one dollar for distinctly Christian objects and fifty dollars upon your own delights? There are the sentiments of the social life in which you mingle, or the intellectual circles to which you belong; and the high spiritual ideals given to us by Jesus Christ, the one and only complete Man the world has ever contained; of what value will you be in the upper presence of our Lord if you give larger force to these sentiments of your choice friends than to these more difficult and disciplinary ideals?

* * *

There can be but little doubt that the prevalent thought of the day is in favor of what is termed a more liberal view of Christian character. It expresses itself in this fashion: "God wants his children to be happy. The world is full of life, which brings pleasure and laughter. Whatever makes you happier makes you better. All of these gifts are innocent in themselves. It is our abuse of them which makes them harmful. There is really not so much to give up for the Christian life, as it was once thought to be necessary." So the argument runs. A part of it is all true; but all of it is dangerous. It is not the kind of sentiment which gives tone and vigor and spiritual alertness to character. That kind of reasoning does not make Sunday delightfully holy, or the house of God a place of spiritual joy, or give hunger and thirst for righteousness to the whole fiber of one's being. We are sometimes warned against the "long-faced Christian." This is one of Satan's bug-a-boos, to keep his hold upon some people. Long-faced Christians are such because of their temperament, and not from their religion; they have more temperament than religion. The most solemn Christian I ever saw had more solid happiness in the course of years than the most care-free sinner I ever met.

* * *

In spite of any wave of carelessness, with the most of us, the Christian life, in its satisfaction and power in service, will be largely a question of giving up—of passing by one possible ideal for that which is higher, and nearer to the "mind of the Master." It is not the present taste which decides our choice in the market. Food and drink, which are a delight to the palate, may leave disease and ruin at last. So it is in our life in God's kingdom. Present experiences with what the world has to offer, physically, or intellectually, may be pleasant; but that is not the real question. No one is safe who does not know and seek the ultimate. What then shall we have? What gaining and what losing will leave us finally nearest the ideals of manhood and the heavenly life Christ has taught? There is nothing solemn, sanctimonious, foolish or fanatical that lifts a soul higher into the image of the Son of God, or fits it the better to enter understandingly into all that we shall find when we are called to that "place" he has gone to prepare for us. Our gains are often measured by what we lose.

If every able-bodied man in Greater New York were working together turning a crank they would not equal the power to be developed in the two stations of the Niagara Falls Power Company; and they could work only eight hours a day, while the great current there flows forever.—Orria E. Dunlap in *The World's Work*.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President.....	Mrs. A. P. Peck. 819 Fifteenth street, Oakland.
Treasurer.....	Mrs. S. M. Dodge. 1275 Sixth avenue, Oakland.
Home Secretary.....	Mrs. C. B. Bradley. 2639 Durant avenue, Berkeley.
Home Secretary.....	Mrs. W. J. Wilcox. 576 East Fourteenth street, Oakland.
Branch Secretary.....	Mrs. H. E. Jewett. 2511 Benvenue avenue, Berkeley.
Treasurer Young Ladies' Branch.....	Miss Grace Goodhue. 1722 Geary street, San Francisco.

A Plea for a New "Morning Star."

FROM A WORKER ON THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

March 6, 1901.

"I fully intended that this letter should have been written and sent to you the last chance we had to send mail, but I did not find time to write it. Mr. Walkup was here for five weeks from the Gilbert Islands and we took this opportunity of sending mail to the teachers. The writing of this used up every spare moment. We felt it our duty to write to them, even if we had to let other letters wait, for we only have about one chance a year to send them a letter, and we know they need every bit of encouragement we can give them. Their trials and temptations are so many and they have so much to contend with! The looking forward to the coming of the "Morning Star" was always a help and the means of strengthening them to press onward that they might have a good report to give to their old teachers when they should once more meet them face to face, but now even that little bright spot is taken out of their lives. I felt sorry for Mr. Walkup that he would have to return to the islands and face the people, and, in answer to their eager inquiries, he would have to tell them that a vessel had come directly from San Francisco in December, yet not a word did any one write about a new Morning Star. All that we know was from the December number of the *Missionary Herald*, where it said the Board was "thinking about it." I am afraid we all felt a little blue when we found out that nothing further had been done than to think about it.

"We read about the 'Micronesian Navy,' and it looks big—on paper. The Micronesian Navy! Did you know how much our navy was equal to? According to the English law, Mr. W. has been forbidden to carry more than two passengers; and really, judging from the size of his vessel, he ought not to take more in addition to his sailors. Will anything ever be done about building us a new Morning Star? This waiting seems so much to the work! To us, who see it all so plainly, it does not seem right. But there, I will not say anything more about it, for I fear I forget myself and say too much. I will just hope by the time this reaches you that you will be able to write back to me and tell me that there is an addition to our Micronesian Navy. * * *

"Thank you very much for the pressed olive leaves and thistle. The girls were especially interested in these. One day I was very much astonished to have some of the girls in class ask me if there was really such a place as Jerusalem, etc. "Wasn't it just a story?" I immediately got your letter and read parts of it to them and talked to them about the pressed leaves and where they came from. They did not need anything more to convince them that Jesus had really lived on this earth. These, of course, were new girls, who had not been in school very long and had not had very much teaching."

"March 27th: You no doubt know that the A. B. C. F. M. chartered a trading schooner, whose headquarters are here at Kusaie, to go to Guam and take Dr. and Mrs. Hyde to their destination at Ruk, also to take Messrs. Price and Stimson on a tour through the Mortlock Islands. In a former letter Mr. Price wrote that he would most likely come to Kusaie, while Captain M. loaded his copra here, before making the return trip to Guam. The schooner arrived here this week, but Mr. Price was not on board. He says in a letter that the Captain was very kind, but the schooner was not comfortable, and he was so seasick that at times he was delirious. I wonder if he still thinks a schooner will be a suitable vessel to do the work in these seas. To think of a vessel while one is on land is very different from being on board. It is then, and then only, that one realizes what it means to be on board a vessel where one hardly has room to turn around. * * * I forgot to say that he remained at Ponape, until, I suppose, Captain M. returns there to take him to Guam.

"Some of you know of the trouble Mr. Snelling has caused the friends at Ruk and how for years he has refused to give up the A. B. C. F. M. property. Well, the German Governor went down there a short time ago and succeeded in making him move to other quarters. Whether he will cease to disturb the work of the missionaries or not is yet to be seen. We sincerely hope so, as they have been sorely tried by his doings for years.

Our large household are getting along nicely and for the past six months have kept very well. It is so seldom we have a six months free from sickness. I am also very well and hope to continue so. I have not time to write more now, as the canoe is going to take the mail to the ship."

Ten Hour's Work in a Minute.

For a number of years long wooden flat cars were loaded arduously by shovel with ore, coke, coal, gravel, broken stone, or whatever loose materials were to be shipped from point to point, and unloaded arduously in the same way. Large capacity steel cars were introduced which reduced repairs and wear and tear greatly, and made large shipments easier to handle. Machinery came in with derricks and lifts and traveling cars to make loading more rapid and economical, and now a car has been invented which does away with the toilsome unloading. In three-quarters of an hour seven men used to be able to unload twenty-five tons. Now a man without manual labor can, in a few seconds, unload twice that amount. Mere force of gravity does the work. Adjustable steel valves or floors make it possible to discharge on either side, on both sides at once, on either or both sides of the centre, or on both sides and centre at the same time. In motion, they will spread the load from five to thirty feet from the track, the width of spread depending upon the speed of the train. This is all done without careening or moving the body of the car. This car is naturally adapted for ballasting. The load can be spread in any or all of its various ways by one ordinary laborer, and the spreading is regulated by the speed of the train. The average car has a capacity of eighty thousand pounds.—World's Work.

There can be no morning glory except a night has preceded. As the eagle stirreth up—tears to pieces—the nest that the young eagles may fly, so the Lord may utterly break up the home in Egypt that Israel may go into Canaan, break up the world that men may find the new earth and heaven.

Died.

AGAR.—In Berkeley, July 14th, William George, beloved son of James E and Jennie L. Agar, and brother of Grace C., Alice T., Winifred G., Daisy J., and Frank E. Agar, aged 26 years and 7 days.

Mr. Agar resided in Alameda over twenty-one years. For about sixteen years he was a member of the Alameda Congregational church, and was at various times a teacher in the Sunday-school, officer in the Boys' Brigade, Corresponding Secretary of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, and an active member of the Society of Christian Endeavor. He was also President of Encinal Literary Society. He graduated with honor from the Alameda High School; attended a business college for nearly a year, and then entered the University of California. Finishing the Freshman course, he engaged in business for about two years, and then resumed his studies at Berkeley, continuing there during 1900, and being a member of the Junior class. Since childhood he had been subject to asthma. Last autumn he was attacked with la grippe, which was so serious as to prevent his return to the University. Remaining at home, he read and studied incessantly. He was unable to take active exercise and Bright's disease was developed, which, in spite of the most skillful medical attendance and careful nursing, proved fatal.

The funeral services were held at Berkeley Congregational church, Tuesday, the 16th inst. Rev. W. C. Pond officiated. The interment was at Mountain View Cemetery. The University flag flew at half-mast during the funeral.

Mr. Agar was a young man of noble ambitions and amiable disposition. He lived upon a lofty plane of thought and constantly "coveted earnestly the best gifts." His ideals and aims were very high: almost too great to be accomplished in this world, hindered as he was by physical infirmities. He purposed to enter the ministry, and to him it would have been the greatest joy to have been able to "preach Christ and him crucified." But God, in his love and omniscience, gathered his son to his bosom. He is not gone; he is not lost; but called up higher to a greater work for his Lord and Master.

He was studious and had familiarized himself with six languages. He delighted to ponder over deep psychological and spiritual works, and read them over and over again, making thereon copious critical notes. In its purity and upward struggles, fortitude and patience in suffering and pain, in its steadfast determination to receive an education, its goodness and kindness of heart, his life was noble and his example worthy of emulation. He will be greatly missed; but now, freed from the limitations of the body, he will keep on with his great mission and perform greater service for the Master.

His sister recently started out on her life work of service for her Master, and is attending the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, preparatory to missionary work in India. One has gone for earthly, the other for heavenly, service.

Carefully figured estimates of the earnings per year of wooden and steel cars gives a single steel car, on account of its lighter weight and larger capacity, an advantage of \$94.50. There being somewhere near 1,500,000 wooden cars in service in the country, there would be an aggregate yearly saving of \$141,750,000 if steel cars were used. Another estimate, taking the capacity of the cars as a starting point, gives a result of \$147,000,000 saved. There are now about 50,000 pressed steel cars in use, and the first one was made only four years ago.—Arthur Goodrich in The World's Work.

Church News.

Northern California.

Lincoln.—Rev. F. M. Washburn entered on a vacation of two weeks on the 15th.

San Francisco, Olivet.—The lunch stand conducted by this church during the Epworth League Convention netted the church a fair sum. The assistance kindly given by many people contributed to this success.

Fruitvale.—The church welcomes the return of Mrs. S. M. Farnam and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee after a nearly two years' absence abroad. An informal reception is to be tendered them this Friday evening at the chapel, to which friends are invited.

Tulare.—Rev. J. P. Clark has been asked to supply the pulpit here for six months from September 1st. Noting the arrangements for the departure of Rev. E. D. Weage, The Register says: "The Port Angeles people will find Mr. Weage much more than an ordinary strong man in the pulpit and The Register will join others in the hope that he and his estimable family will find their new lines cast in pleasant places." And another local paper, The Advance, says: "Mr. Weage is a man of true worth and his friends in Tulare are not confined to the church circles alone. Our people can heartily commend him and his family to the people of his new field of labor."

Southern California.

Santa Ana.—Six new members were added to the church at the July communion—three on confession and three by letter.

Los Angeles.—Rev. W. H. Day of First church, Los Angeles, closed the C. E. Convention at Coronado with an inspiring address, combining high patriotic ideals with the religious motive.

Villa Park.—Rev. Wm. Sloan of Third church, Los Angeles, has supplied the pulpit here two Sundays in July. He found the attendance and the spirit of the congregation very encouraging. At the evening services the church was filled with young people.

Pasadena, North.—On Sunday, July 14th, Pastor H. T. Staats entered upon the fourteenth year of his pastorate with this church. He lacks but one of being the patriarch of Southern California Congregational pastors. Pastor Frary began his work at Pomona four months earlier.

Pasadena, First.—This church, which, for ten years past has had a quartet choir, has now in its place a large chorus choir, composed of home talent, which is giving great satisfaction. The pastor, Rev. Herbert W. Lathe, is preaching a series of evening sermons on "The Covenants of God."

Pasadena, Lake Avenue.—Rev. F. J. Culver, who has for several weeks supplied this church in the absence of its pastor in the East, finds it in excellent condition—growing, active, spiritual. Pastor Emerson is not expected to return earlier than September 1st. The Christian Endeavor Society sustain the evening service in his absence.

Chula Vista.—At the July communion three members were added to this church, one of these on confession. Pastor Abbott reports a severe loss to his other church, National City, by the removal of Mr. Eldridge Baker and family to Los Angeles. But we bid the church be of good cheer, in that it is able to send out a missionary family to help evangelize so needy a city as Los Angeles.

Rialto.—Pastor A. C. Dodd officiated, July 16th, at the marriage of Miss Ruth A. Bailey of Rialto to Mr. Charles D. Barnes of Wanwatosa, Wis. The bride was his church clerk and one of its most efficient workers. The church loses another officer, its Treasurer, Mrs. Isabel Noble, by removal to Los Angeles. Brother Dodd ministers to two other churches—Bloomington and San Bernardino Bethel. The three unite in a Sunday-school picnic at Midway Springs, July 23d. Bloomington expects to dedicate a new church building in the fall. At Bethel the pastor has been encouraged by growing congregations and active interest on the part of the members.

Paso Robles.—Rev. F. W. Reid has completed his first year's pastorate at this place and San Miguel, and has succeeded in accomplishing the special object of the year's work—the completion of a house of worship here fully paid for. The new church, thanks to Congregational friends of California, and the Congregational Church Building Society, has been finished and free from debt for a month past. The Ladies' Work Circle cleared \$60 by selling ice cream on July 4th, and this is to go toward electric lights and carpet. The church not being able at once to erect a parsonage, the pastor has bought an attractive cottage, and now both church and pastor have permanent homes of their own, and are looking forward to permanent work. The pastor and wife take a short vacation next week at Cayucos. The "Life of Philips Brooks" has been added to the pastor's library through the kindness of some unknown friend.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. E. J. Singer was able to be at his office a part of the time this week, but not yet strong enough to take up his work.

Our Washington correspondent writes in his letter this week, in a highly commendatory way, of the Rev. W. W. Scudder as Home Missionary Superintendent in that State.

Rev. L. L. Wirt has accepted a call to the pastorate of a church in Australia, and Mrs. Wirt and the children, who have been in Oakland for some time, will join him there soon.

Please watch the labels on your papers. Subscription receipts are falling behind. Especially, do not neglect to give attention to our very courteous requests for remittance when they are received.

Mrs. Susan Merrill Farnam writes from her home at Fruitvale, on her return from her trip abroad: "I think I have missed The Pacific more than any other of my papers. I hope it is prospering financially."

The Rev. Dr. W. M. Kincaid of Honolulu arrived last week for a vacation of six weeks in San Francisco and vicinity. He will occupy the pulpit of the First church. He preached last Sunday to large congregations.

Rev. J. B. Orr is arranging to continue his evangelistic work during the fall and winter. Already he has entered into engagements with several pastors. He would be pleased to hear from others. He may be addressed at 3 Haight street, San Francisco.

The two children of Rev. M. L. Stimson, who recently arrived from Ruk, Caroline Islands, have undergone the needed critical surgery in the Children's Hospital and are doing finely. He hopes to take them to the Tank Home in Oberlin in a few weeks.

Rev. M. L. Stimson of Micronesia will address the San Francisco Ministers' Meeting next Monday. The interesting and valuable paper read this week by Rev.

Miles Fisher, on "The Historical Spirit in the Interpretation of the Scriptures" is to be printed soon in *The Pacific*.

Mrs. Eliza A. Otis, a member of our First church of Los Angeles and the wife of General Otis, the editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, writes as follows concerning *The Pacific*: "I value *The Pacific* most highly and find in it much that is suggestive and helpful in the Christian life. I wish it might find its way to every Congregational family in California."

Newell M. Hayden of Denver, Colorado, who was a student for two years at Pacific Theological Seminary, graduated this year from the Chicago Seminary, and was ordained July 11th at Buffalo, New York. The ordaining prayer was by the Rev. Dr. F. S. Fitch; the charge to the minister by Rev. Dr. David N. Beecher; the right hand of fellowship by Rev. Dr. Chas. Caverno; and other parts by Rev. Messrs. Geo. E. Brock and Robt. D. Bussey.

Rev. W. M. Massie writes from Waimea, Kauai, Territory of Hawaii, as follows: "I expect to start in a few weeks for a trip to the old country and shall be traveling for several months, consequently I shall thank you to discontinue my copy of *The Pacific* for the present. I hope some day to welcome the old paper to my desk again. I have enjoyed its weekly visits for many years, and am sorrow I shall, for the present, at least, be deprived of its helpful matter." Mr. Massie was pastor some years ago at Adin, and later at Kenwood and Glen Elen, where he did a most excellent work, greatly endearing himself to the people of those communities.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

The practice of churches in cities and small towns joining in union services during the vacation term is a most commendable one. While it is not the rule at present by any means, it is growing in favor. By it people of widely divergent thought, in many respects, aside from religious belief, are brought together very happily, and as acquaintanceship is formed mutual respect and tolerance is engendered and the heavenly kingdom is built up. For a number of years this method has been in use in Hillsboro. In Corvallis it is being partially tried this summer. The Southern Methodist church and the Congregational church, under the pastorate of Rev. P. S. Knight, have joined hands. The services are held alternately once in two weeks. Good audiences are the result; in fact, the plan sometimes brings out more people at a service than were wont to attend both services when held separately. Here in Portland the First Baptist church and the Grace Methodist church will unite in services for the next eight weeks. For the first four weeks the congregations will unite in the Baptist church and the Baptist pastor will preach. The next four weeks the people will go to the Methodist church and the Methodist pastor will conduct the services. Each church will hold its own Sunday-school and Young People's services. Verily, the world moves, and with it the brotherhood of man. What would have been thought of such a combination fifty years ago—yes, even twenty-five years ago?

It is feared that not enough attention or thought is given by those in charge of our missionary work to the rural districts, or the churches in rural districts. Of course, with a depleted treasury, and an unwillingness on the part of self-supporting churches to do more for missions than is done, the home missionary superintendent

has problems most puzzling to face—problems that are very difficult to solve. And the wonder is, all things considered, how they do so well with the means at their disposal. But it is suggested that, whenever possible, the utmost encouragement should be given to the churches in country districts. These thoughts came to mind upon hearing Rev. P. S. Knight relate his experience recently in regard to Plymouth church, six miles west of Corvallis. This church is not in a town; not even a postoffice is here—simply a building at the crossing of the roads. Nightly services were announced for a time, and the minister went to work. The meetings were held for ten successive nights, and at the last the building was packed, three hundred at least being present, some of the people coming a distance of six miles. While there were no visible results in the way of additions to the church, yet good seed was sown, which will surely bear fruit in the future. The value of such work in begetting an interest in the Christian religion cannot be measured.

It was the privilege of your correspondent to be the guest of a most remarkable man two days during the past week. He was a quiet, unobtrusive person, whom I long have known, but never have learned to appreciate him as I now can do. He began his career in Kentucky seventy-one years ago, and at the age of twelve became an apprentice in a Missouri printing office. Having a retentive memory and a studious habit, he began absorbing knowledge. He not only came to know the technicalities of his craft, but as well the entire domain of literature came to be traversed by him. At twenty-three he was admitted to the bar of the State of Illinois, and Abraham Lincoln was one of his examiners, and his license to practice was signed by Lyman Trumbull, who after became one of the foremost Senators in Congress. The ambition of this man to obtain knowledge was supreme, so the ability to read the ancient classics in their original tongues was acquired. He was diligent in his business during the customary hours, but all spare moments were devoted to careful and methodical study. He attended school for a month before his majority, but that did not count for a great deal. He was an all-around newspaper man in Springfield, Ill., for a number of years, but finally removed to this State, where he performed similar service for a long time, although in a wholly impersonal way, so that he never became known outside of a very narrow circle. And now, he has retired to a small farm, and will thus spend the rest of his days. Still his thirst for knowledge continues, as the thousand or more volumes in his library attests, not because of the number, but from the evidence of their daily use. He reads daily in the Greek, Hebrew, Latin and French Testaments, and translates as he goes along. He reads the Latin Testament through twice a year, and each of the others once a year, besides a vast deal of other literature. All the classics, both ancient and modern, in the original tongue, grace his shelves, and when his cows, horse, pigs, chickens, fruit, hay, etc., are taken care of, here he spends his time. His body is erect, his step elastic, eye clear and mind never more vigorous, notwithstanding he has past his threescore and ten years. A certain line of literary work, for which he is admirably equipped, was suggested as most fitting to close a long and useful but unknown career. This was received with a smile, but it was clear that it will not be acted upon. He is so averse to public notoriety that he will not do anything, consciously, that will call attention to his great attainments. To see him peddling his farm products, or about his place, no one would suspect him as being otherwise than the veriest clod-hopper. He is totally without power to assert himself, and is generally regarded as a common-

place man. Even those who have come in touch with him in business quite intimately have never dreamed of the bright jewel underneath the rough and uninviting exterior. Notwithstanding his southern birth and ancestry, his influence long before and during the Civil War was strongly upon the side of the Union, but another, and a much less capable man got the credit of it. Always high in the counsels of his party, and with power to make and unmake men, he has never used it in the remotest sense for his own personal benefit. Being a warm personal friend of Lincoln in early days, and a most ardent supporter prior to and during the Civil War, he never sought an office, though persistently urged to do so by those who knew that a good-paying office could be had for the asking. Such is an Oregon pioneer.

The week just closed has been one of the most de-scores of Eastern visitors are here from the burning levels of the Middle West, and even the Atlantic shore is well represented. There has not been a night so far but that one would not be comfortable without a blanket over him, and the ozone in the air has made it a positive delight to live and be thankful that we do have showers, although we have scarcely had a sprinkle in four weeks. The mountain view this moment is something incomparable—well worth a trip to the coast, or from any part from any part of the coast, to see, and from no part of the coast can they be seen so well as from this city and vicinity—a fact that tourists as well as our own people are slowly but surely finding out.

Prof. Aaron N. Skinner of the Naval Observatory, Washington, D.C., and a member of the Congregational brotherhood of the Capitol city, worshiped with us of the First church today. And he heard an excellent sermon by Dr. Ackerman, too, upon "The Test of Sonship in the Kingdom of God." He arrived at San Francisco from Manila on the 16th inst., and today he had the privilege of attending a Congregational church for the first time in several months.

Portland, July 16, 1910.

Washington Letter.

By I. Learned.

The open reign of vice in our city of Seattle has become somewhat less rampant since the removal of its former chief of police and the incoming of a supposedly more capable and efficient officer to succeed him; but not until after his removal, when the former official, in attempting to kill one of the leaders in the gambling fraternity, because of personal enmity, had been himself murdered. It was the culmination, and what only could have been expected, from the willingness of all the executive officers of our city government to give over the control of the city into the hands of the vicious; and the chief responsibility for that murder lies at the door of him who, by a righteous administration of the city government, could have prevented the crime. It is to be hoped that the voting population may, before the coming municipal election in the spring of 1902, have learned that Seattle needs wise and true men in all of its executive offices. Oh, for that citizenship in every individual voter which will lift up the standard of civic righteousness in every man's conscience, so high as to morally compel him franchise to be exercised to the election of such men as are wholly disposed to rule justly and faithfully, and who cannot be jeered, led or purchased into illegal, unwise or foolish acting.

Pastor Temple of our Plymouth church is spending his vacation this summer at home, filling his own pulpit Sabbath evenings, and by exchange with brother pastors for the morning services. This will continue through

August. His evening themes for this month are: "The Smoker"; "The Swearer"; "The Sabbath Breaker," etc.

Pastor Wiswell of the University pulpit has gone, with Mrs. Wiswell, to Victoria, British Columbia, to spend four or five weeks in vacation restfulness.

The plans of the other city pastors for vacations are not yet known, but some of them will follow the plan of Plymouth's pastor, and take part of their time off in near by exchanging.

Taylor church is now issuing its Weekly Bulletin, finding it to be promotive of good fellowship within the church and the means of enlarging its circle of usefulness outside of its past constituency. Its earlier numbers will bear on the title-page a cut of the pastor, Rev. Lambert L. Woods, who, secured for six months, is likely to be his own successor at the end of that period. All who hear him speak in glowing terms of his pulpit work. The monthly missionary meetings, which were largely overlooked a year ago, under the former pastorate, are now resumed with increasing interest and large attendance. A pastor's room has been recently erected as another addition to the plant of this church.

West Seattle has its new church building about completed and is occupying it with its regular services. Pastor Kindred, here as elsewhere, has proved himself a wise master-builder. Dedication of the edifice will probably occur at some time during August.

The work in our church at Snohomish goes bravely on under the lead of Rev. Chas. Leon Mears, its pastor. A weekly announcement sheet is issued, within which may be found the items of work and of services for the current month. These are some of the topics for July: The 7th, "I Believe in the Christ"; 14th, "I Believe in the New Life"; 21st, "I Believe in the Holy Spirit"; 28th, "I Believe in Eternal Life." One topic for evening discourse was, "Tired, Tempted, Tried." On the same page of this sheet with other matter is the treasurer's account for the previous month, showing receipts from each separate source, and an itemized account of disbursements.

This is an example which perhaps it might be well for other churches to follow. It is the financial information which our membership need and ought to have, in connection with their support of the work. Perhaps it will encourage more to realize their personal obligation to the church.

Roy's first year under the pastoral care of Rev. C. W. Wells has recently closed and by unanimous choice the church has invited him to remain with them another year.

Rev. George Lindsay, formerly a pastor at Aberdeen, has returned to Western Washington and hopes to find a field among some of our vacant churches.

Supt. W. W. Scudder, Jr., is working out the unfinished problems relative to vacant churches, just as it was last year prophesied by some of the brethren that he would. He is having large success, having already come into personal touch with about half of the missionary churches of the State. We are much indebted to you, California, and to you, the church at Alameda, for surrendering to us so wise, diligent and genial a worker. The Master will bless both you and us, and our servant and his, in this efficient service.

The Congregational Sunday-school convention, held with the Greenlake church, Seattle, Sunday, July 14th, was an innovation. The program was carefully prepared, and was mainly the work of Missionary Young of the C. S. S. & P. S. Nearly every Sunday-school of the denomination in this city was represented by pastor, superintendent, or other leading worker, with papers or addresses. It occupied the whole day with three sessions—morning, afternoon and evening, and the attendance

was excellent. There was no business to be transacted, no officers to be elected. Supt. Green and Missionary H. W. Young presided at the different sessions, and the Greenlake choir rendered great assistance with the music. The themes discussed were not unusual to like occasions with all Sunday-school workers. Being held on the Sabbath, enabled the discussions to be heard by the entire membership of the church and many of the parents of the Sunday-school pupils.

The missionary committee of the Tacoma Association, with the aid of Superintendents Scudder and Green, have arranged for a series of Fellowship meetings among the churches of that association, beginning about the middle of September at Olympia, giving services during an afternoon and evening in continual succession during two or more weeks, to as many points as can be reached in that time. A schedule for the itinerary is to be sent to each church and pastor several weeks prior to the opening of the journey. It is expected that Revs. W. H. Young, W. W. Scudder, Jr., Samuel Greene and W. T. Ford will make the entire round, while as many of the other pastors as possible will join the party for longer or shorter journeying.

Seattle, July 19th.

The Epworth League Convention.

[Editorial in "California Christian Advocate."]

There is no greater joy than the realization of a long and cherished desire. The Leagues of California have for two years been waiting and preparing for the coming of the International Epworth League Convention. The great hour of consummation has come and gone. The strain and anxiety in taking care of this large number has taxed the strength, not only of the committees, but in a considerable degree the whole Church. Many have been kept from the sessions of the convention in order to take care of the delegates and doubtless on that account feel some sense of disappointment, but the investment of energy and service in any form must have results. The faithful Leaguers, who have been in the depots, on the trains, at hotels, acting as guides for the delegates, the ushers in the great assemblies, have preached a great sermon to the visiting delegate—an illustrated sermon on fidelity, on unselfish devotion to the comfort and welfare of others. The blessing of ministering in the home, the stirring up of ourselves to a deeper interest in others, involving all that is highest and best within us, have returns not easily estimated in the enrichment of the Christian experience. The benefits of the convention are measured, not so much by what we receive from it as by what we put into it. The amount of permanent good will be in proportion to the amount of good we have conferred upon others. The abiding pleasure and satisfaction coming to each of us may be measured by the enjoyment we have been able to give our visiting delegates. In strengthening the faith and multiplying the religious factors in the character of others, we strengthen the best there is in us. The convention has put a great pressure upon the heartlife of the young people of California. Out of this convention, and we mean by convention all that has preceded the convention days in the way of preparation, will come a stalwart type of Christian young people. It is a law braided into the fiber of things that results must follow energy wisely directed. Let no one feel discouraged because he was detailed to service, and therefore deprived of much of passing enjoyment and immediate instruction of the addresses of the convention. The knowledge of the fact that through your self-denial thousands of others were

permitted to enjoy these great public demonstrations is a more powerful influence upon the inner, deeper, better life, than the actual participation in the exercises of the public services.

Moral Value of the Convention.

Governor Gage of California made a speech of welcome to the visiting Leaguers which gave most excellent satisfaction. We believe these public utterances from our statesmen and those holding high places in authority over us, in favor of religion and spirituality, have a value far beyond the hour and the immediate conditions that call them forth. Among the many excellent things said by Governor Gage that will be remembered is the following: "The Epworth League, while assisting in the moral education and insisting on spirituality of the foremost kind, produces the highest type of American citizenship and public and private life. Civilization and Christianity go hand in hand. While this is a truth it is the paramount policy of this country that no alliance shall ever be formed between State and Church, and that all of our institutions shall be free from the dominance of sectarian creed, but it is insisted that Christianity shall have free admission into the homes of the country. Because of this freedom guaranteed by the constitution, Christianity makes the best of lives."

Mayor Phelan's address was equally significant in the acknowledgement of the value of the convention and the principles it emphasized to the citizenship of the State. The Mayor marks the fact that we are living in a materialistic age, the age of accumulations and material aggregations. The mental life is being cast in a materialistic mold. Education has been dragged down into the very dust of materialism. Political life is controlled in a large measure by monetary values. The volume of life does not depend so much upon the amount of material possessions under the individual's control, but upon the spiritual aptitudes of the individual. Both Governor Gage and Mayor Phelan not only admit, but insist strongly upon the fact that the peace and prosperity of the commonwealth depend upon the principles of a deep and pious life. The Mayor says: "But the moral sentiment of the community finds stimulus in the influx of the Epworth Leaguers, whose purpose is to promote and conserve Christian principles and apply them to the daily life and affairs of what we must confess to be a materialistic age. We are therefore glad that you have discovered San Francisco." It is not new nor wonderful that such sentiments are held by statesmen, but it is particularly gratifying to have them emphasized in such a clear and forcible manner on such an occasion.

It may be that God used to give you plentiful chance to work for him. Your days went singing by, each winged with some enthusiastic duty for the Master whom you loved. * * * You can be idle for him, if so he wills, with the same joy with which you once labored for him. The sick-bed or the prison or the battle-field, when once your soul has come to value as the end of life the privilege of seeking and finding him.—Phillips Brooks.

Just go on with your daily tasks, doing the best you can in your circumstances, and wait for God's time. If you are a disciple of Christ, God is going to make something very beautiful, very noble, out of your life when his work on it is finished.—J. R. Miller.

The American Young Men's Christian Associations have a membership of 225,000, and own property to the value of \$22,000,000. The present operating expenses are \$2,900,000 annually.

Our Boys and Girls.

Heads Up

JAY BEE.

Don't kick and whine,

Just get in line

With the fellows who've grit and pluck;

Don't frown and scowl,

Don't glum and growl,

Stop prating about ill luck.

Lift up your head,

Don't seem half dead,

Stop wearing a wrinkled face;

Give smiling hope

Sufficient scope,

And joys will come apace.

Out on the man

Whose little span

Is full of grief and gloom,

Always dreary,

Never cheery,

From trundle-bed to tomb.

Give me the chap

Who, whate'er may hap,

Looks up, and is cheerful still,

Who meets a brunt

With a smiling front,

And nerve, and vim, and will.

—Success.

Her Best Birthday Party.

BY CELIA M. STONE.

"O mama! Where have you been. I've hunted everywhere for you!" said Bessie Prentiss. And, without waiting for an answer, she went on: "I've been up in Aunt Millie's room, talking about her Sunday-school class in the mission school. She is planning to take them all into the country for a day, and she's afraid that that will be their only chance to see the country all summer, they're so poor. Isn't it too bad? And, mama, I thought about my birthday party. Couldn't I have them come out here, instead of having the girls I was planning to invite? Could I have them, mama—could I?"

"Certainly, Bessie. It is your party, and you can have the ones you want," replied Mrs. Prentiss.

"There's just eleven of them, and they are about my age. But what could I do to make them have a good time?"

Mrs. Prentiss thought a few moments, and then said:

"You must send them their tickets on the electric. Then we will have an omnibus bring them from the station. That will give them two long rides. We will set the table in the garden, and have a nice dinner for them. Then there's the beach, and the flowers, and—"

"O mama! I 'most know they'll have a good time!" interrupted Bessie. "I must run up and tell Aunt Millie all about it." And away she went.

The Prentisses had a beautiful summer home, where they came early and lingered late, and Bessie was their only child.

The girls were invited, the tickets sent, and everything in readiness for the party. The night before, Bessie could hardly sleep for thinking of the next day, and hoping it would be pleasant. She awoke to find it as perfect a day as if made on purpose for her party.

"Mama, wouldn't you wear a gingham dress instead of a white one, so that the girls won't notice it so much? They are so poor!" she asked. And mama approved.

All the morning Bessie was busy, and the last little bouquet was just finished and laid beside the plates when the omnibus came.

They were very poor, as Bessie had said, but they were neatly dressed, and they seemed almost bewildered as they looked around on the beautiful place where they had come.

It was almost noon when they arrived, and the plan was to serve dinner as soon as they came, so that they should be refreshed for the rest of the day. Bessie led the way to the garden, and, seating them at the table, she pinned on each little girl the knot of flowers by her plate.

How pretty the table was! There was a little hum of delight when the girls saw it. Flowers and fruits were all the length of the table, with the birthday cake in the center.

A gentle breeze lifted the leaves of the trees that met overhead, and let little flecks of sunshine down on the girls' heads. Then the sunshine danced over their hands and up and down the table, and many a little girl who looked as if never in her life had she had enough to eat sat and watched the sunbeams.

And what a dinner it was—so abundant and so delicious! Mama and Aunt Millie served it, and how easy and pleasant they made it for everybody! The girls lingered long at the table, for they had never had just such a treat before.

After dinner, at the beach, they were almost wild with delight. And to those of them who had never seen the oceans the pebbles and shells of the beach were so very pretty! They came back laden with them.

And such lovely games as they played—games that mama and Aunt Millie had played when they were little girls, and that they had not thought of for years! Just before the omnibus came, Norah brought them strawberries and real cream.

The happiest day must end, and when they went away Bessie had a slice of birthday cake and a bunch of flowers for each one to carry home. As one of the girls took hers, she said:

"I'll carry these to my sister. She hain't seen one flower this summer, 'cause she's lame, and can't go to the parks."

And another said:

"I'll never forget this day, nor you neither—and thank you, too."

All the girls seemed to want Bessie to know how much the day had been to them, and she could not keep back her tears when the most quiet girl of all said:

"I don't see why you cared so much for me. You've made me have the best time I ever had in all my life."

When all were gone, Bessie went and sat by her mother in the hammock. She was very quiet for some minutes, and then she said:

"This has been the best birthday I've ever had. Isn't it lovely to do for people who can't do anything for you in return?"

And mama said:

"That was the way Christ spent his whole life. Let us both try to be like him."

"I want to be, and I am trying," said Bessie softly. Gorham, Me.

The Home.

United We Stand.

Consecrated to God in the dew of our youth,
 Lo, we fly to his standard of mercy and truth,
 All equipped and awaiting the Captain's command,
 In the strength of the Lord, here united we stand.

May His blessing attend every act, every word,
 Every prayer by His spirit be prompted, be heard;
 All the shadows of evil before Him shall flee,
 And the heirs of salvation now captive, be free.

We are striving, my comrades, for God and the right,
 Our Commander will lead us through conflict to light;
 Our Father beholds us, His own faithful band,
 As for Christ and the Church all united we stand.

When the conflict is over, the weary shall rest,
 And receive a reward in the home of the blest;
 Every heart shall rejoice in that glorious land,
 When before our Redeemer united stand.

Praying in the Morning.

Some one told me once of a child who said to one of her playmates that she was in the habit of praying at night because she wanted God to take care of her then, but she did not say her prayers in the morning because she thought she could keep herself good all day. Was ever a little girl able to do that?

When a child awakens after a night's rest, what is more fitting than for it to utter the nursery prayer—

Now, I wake and see the light,
 'Tis God who kept me through the night;
 To him I lift my voice and pray
 That he would keep me through the day.

There is another little prayer that says:

Let me both diligently work
 And duly pray;
 Let me be kind in word and deed
 Just for today

That is a beautiful prayer for any one to offer. We cannot expect to do right, even for an hour, unless the Lord helps us.

Miss Elizabeth Tobey, the evangelist, tells this story. She was holding a meeting for children some years ago, and asked all those who would give themselves to Christ to stand up. Three children from one family arose, a boy and his two sisters. "Now," said Miss Tobey, "if you are going to serve Christ you must pray every morning that the Lord will help you, for you cannot do it alone."

The boy went home and asked his mother to teach him how to pray in the morning. The mother had, perhaps, been so busy that she had neglected to show her son when he made his request, and from that time on he prayed in the morning. The boy, although bright in other respects, was a dull scholar, but to the surprise of his friends he suddenly began to improve and gained considerable praise for doing well in school.

"There's a little secret about that, mother," said he. "I ask Jesus every morning to help me with my lessons—and he does."

Recently Miss Tobey visited the town where the boy, now grown to be a lad of fifteen, is living. She was told that his scholarship was so good that he stood at the head of a class of fifty. His Bible, worn by faithful study and carefully marked, was shown to her, and she knew that when he began to pray for God's blessing upon his work he began to study diligently the word of God. David said: "Evening and morning and at noon will I pray, and cry aloud; and He shall hear my voice." It is not enough simply to say a prayer at night.—Cousin Lois.

The South Side.

"May I come in?" called the girl's bright voice.

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up," was the merry answer.

The girl pushed open the door, and ran across the room to the bed. Nobody could have guessed the pain and wearisome plaster-cast from the cheery voice; still less could one have guessed that the need to earn made the weeks of pain still harder to bear. These things the woman lying there told to her God, never to her guests.

The girl held up a forlorn handful of late asters.

"The very last," she declared. "I hunted and hunted!"

"Are you sure?" her friend asked, quickly. "I've always found them later than this every year. Did you ever go to the south side of the hill?"

"No," the girl confessed, laughingly. "I believe that I looked on every side but that. I'll go straight back, and hunt again."

Twenty minutes later she returned laden with autumn bloom.

"You are right," she said. "I had no idea that the south side made such a difference. The slope was half covered with the most beautiful blossoms, so big and deep-colored! I'm going to put them in this pitcher beside you, so that you can reach your hands down deep into the autumn, and pretend you're picking them yourself."

"Then," her friend returned, "I should have to give up the memory of somebody who picked them for me."

The girl stopped her pretty work.

"Now I understand the difference," she said, slowly. "You will insist, willful woman that you are, in living on 'the south side' of life, and getting every bit of sunshine there is, while most of us deliberately go and sit on the north side, and grumble because it's cold! Never mind; I've caught your secret now, and I'm going to sit in the sun. Then maybe I'll blossom."

The white face in the bed smiled.

"And the best of it all is there always is a 'south side,'" she answered—"the sun's side, and God's."—Christian Life.

Work for God Is Never Lost.

In the vestibule of a beautiful library, erected in memory of a woman whose gentle face looks down upon every one who passes the great doors is a bronze tablet with these lines:—

"The good she tried to do shall stand as if 'twere done;
 God finishes the work by noble souls begun."

Only two lines, but how clearly they tell the story of that life, of the eager dreaming and purpose of it, of its unwearying work, and finally the resignation to the message that the task was not for her. Was all the life and hope put into it lost? The splendid building, with its open doors and crowd of eager students, is eloquent answer. Work for God never can be "lost"!

Is there not comfort here for many a humble soul who sees the years pass and apparently nothing accomplished of all their high dreams? We are "workers together with God." We may fail, but God cannot. And so, though we can see no results, we can yet work on with patience and sure courage. Sometime, somehow, it will all help. Over and above and through us God is working and God's omnipotent hand will take every honest effort, no matter how poor and blundering it may be, and use it for some perfect end.—Selected.

Trustworthy Signs of Growth in Grace.

The Christian cannot stand still in the matter of his spiritual development. He must either advance or fall back. Every day makes its impression and its difference. Growth in grace is the law of his being as a true, healthy believer. It has its signs, which are plain for others to read, and often plain for him. If we observe him exhibiting increased steadiness of Christian purpose and effort, more fidelity to every duty, more earnestness, more activity, more satisfaction in spiritual service, we regard him as growing in grace. He need not undertake novel forms of effort, but if he travel day by day in the pathway of customary duty with growing zeal we can trust him. The effect will be visible in his daily occupation whatever it be. Thank God that we can prove our growth in grace by the doing of common things. We need not search afar for the heroic. It will reveal itself in unexpected places and ways to him who steadfastly does one duty at a time for Christ as thoroughly as he can.

Often this growth in grace becomes noticeable first in relation to the Bible. We find new meanings in it for ourselves. We love it more. We open it oftener. The same is true of prayer. As we develop slowly into something of the divine likeness, we learn better how to pray and how to discover the answers to prayer. Many a prayer-meeting has been thrilled by a new tone and spirit filling the utterances of some perhaps familiar voice, because it unconsciously reveals a new inner experience. You cannot grow in grace and keep the fact a secret long. It will come out in look, and voice and act.

It is worth noting that we are not always the best judges of our own growth in grace. Sometimes others are aware of it when we are despondent about ourselves. On the other hand, sometimes others do not perceive it as clearly as we think they ought to. Then when we feel our love for Christ growing within us so imperatively that it must find fuller expression, we need not doubt longer about the fact of our growth.

Example and Influence.

I have heard of a canary that was taught to sing, Home, Sweet

Home," by being placed in a room, when young, with a musical box that played that tune. Moses' face shone after he had been in the mount with God forty days. They took knowledge of the disciples "that they had been with Jesus." And it is said of Lord Peterborough that, after spending a night with Fenelon, the great French preacher, he was so impressed with his holy character that he said to him on leaving, "If I stay here any longer I shall become a Christian in spite of myself."

Many a person who is engaged in active Christian work, or who takes a leading part in the prayer-meeting, is so faulty in his daily walk as to be a stumbling-block to others. Sometimes the last people to be favorably impressed by professing Christians are those who know them in their home life. This is all wrong. Test yourselves, therefore, and see if you indulge in any questionable habit, anything in your example and influence that is likely to lead astray those who read your conduct.—D. L. Moody.

The Translated Queen.

HER HIGHEST AMBITION.

One of the most eminent clergymen of the South of London, the Rev. Joseph W. W. Moeran, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene, Peckham, preaching on the "entering into life" of our beloved Queen, gave a remarkable incident. The text was, "Well done, good and faithful servant, . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Concluding his discourse, Mr. Moeran spoke on Queen Victoria as being in the highest sense a religious sovereign. "I have every reason to believe the incident I am about to relate is a fact. It came to me from a source on which I can rely. Returning from the Diamond Jubilee celebrations, Her Majesty said to a confidante: 'It is a wonder to some how long I shall live; while others think I should abdicate in favor of my dear son. But I have a *higher ambition*. I have a hope that I may live to see my Divine King come, and that I may give back to him the sceptre that he has entrusted to me, and lay down my crown at his feet.' This was not to be. Her Majesty did not live to see the Second Advent of the King of kings, and Lord of lords; but her desire showed that she was a truly Christian monarch."—R. E. Sears.

What is God's will for us? "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." It is not our earthly good toward which God works; our earthly good may or may not be a part of his plan, but it is only a means and not an end. The end toward which God shapes his dealings with us is our ultimate holiness, our purity, our perfection.—M. B. Whiting.



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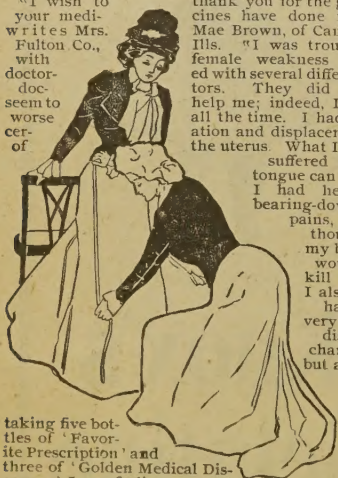
91 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Women are vastly more patient than men. It is scarcely believable that a woman, suffering part all telling, can attend to business, and bend and stoop with a back whose ache is agony. And beyond all this she smiles as she bends and stoops about her customer. A man might swallow down an oath or keep back a groan, but his face would be like a thundercloud, and his voice scarcely disguise his irritation.

For women who suffer from backache, bearing-down pains, or other pains due to womanly diseases, there is no other medicine equal to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It regulates the womanly functions, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

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"I wish to thank you for the good cures have done me," writes Mrs. Mae Brown, of Canton, Ills. "I was troubled with female weakness and ed with several different pains. They did not help me; indeed, I got all the time. I had ulatation and displacement the uterus. What I suffered no tongue can tell. I had heavy, bearing-down pains, and thought my back would kill me. I also had a very bad discharge, but after



taking five bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and three of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I am feeling as well as ever. It has been almost two years and I have had no return of the trouble. My friends tell me I don't look as though I ever was sick."

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Should we scoff, or kneel, or pray?
Which would be our Savior's way
When the thorns of grief have pressed
A sinner's feet or smote his heart?

Should we take him by the hand,
Point him to that better land,
In our Savior's loving way.
Where stead of night, eternal day?

Let's encourage him; but stay,
Do it in our Savior's way.
Stand by him through storm and strife.
And gain for both eternal life.

Mrs. R. H. V., Central.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

A church without prosperity and spirituality is a public nuisance; it is like an unrented building, costing taxes, losing value, bringing no income. Prosperity and spirituality depend on the faithfulness of the members.

A church is not like an ocean steamer, where a few can do the work of running the machinery, preparing the food and taking care of the staterooms.

It is the duty of each member of the church to be present at every prayer-meeting so far as possible. There is no obligation on the pastor that is not on every member. First, then, plan to be present; count your presence a business obligation; let this duty push aside social functions. If neighbors call in invite them to come with you, or excuse yourself. If a friend had telegraphed you to meet him at the station you would not urge as an excuse for not meeting him that a neighbor called in just as you were leaving the house. As a member of this church you have made a weekly appointment to meet the Master at the mid-week service. Make it your business to keep your appointments.

Come prepared; bring your mind

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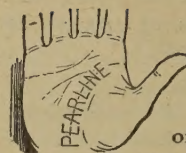
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with you; bring it full of thoughts. Think before you speak, and speak after you have thought. You expect the new convert to relate an experience—did your experience stop when you accepted Christ?

Come in a spirit of prayer; come from the closet; bring spiritual power with you. You cannot promote the spirituality of the church by always seeking power from others. You have no right to expect dividends without investment. You cannot ride on the street car without paying a nickel; why should you expect to be carried to heaven "on flowery beds of ease"? Come! Come prepared! Come to help!—Dr. O. P. Gifford.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Chas. H. Jacob & Co., Funeral Directors and Embalmers, 318 Mason street, San Francisco, Cal., has, by order of Court, had his name changed to Chas. H. J. Truman, by reason of which, the name of his firm becomes, Chas. H. J. Truman & Co. Under this name he continues to do business at the same place. Telephone, MAIN 5213.

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